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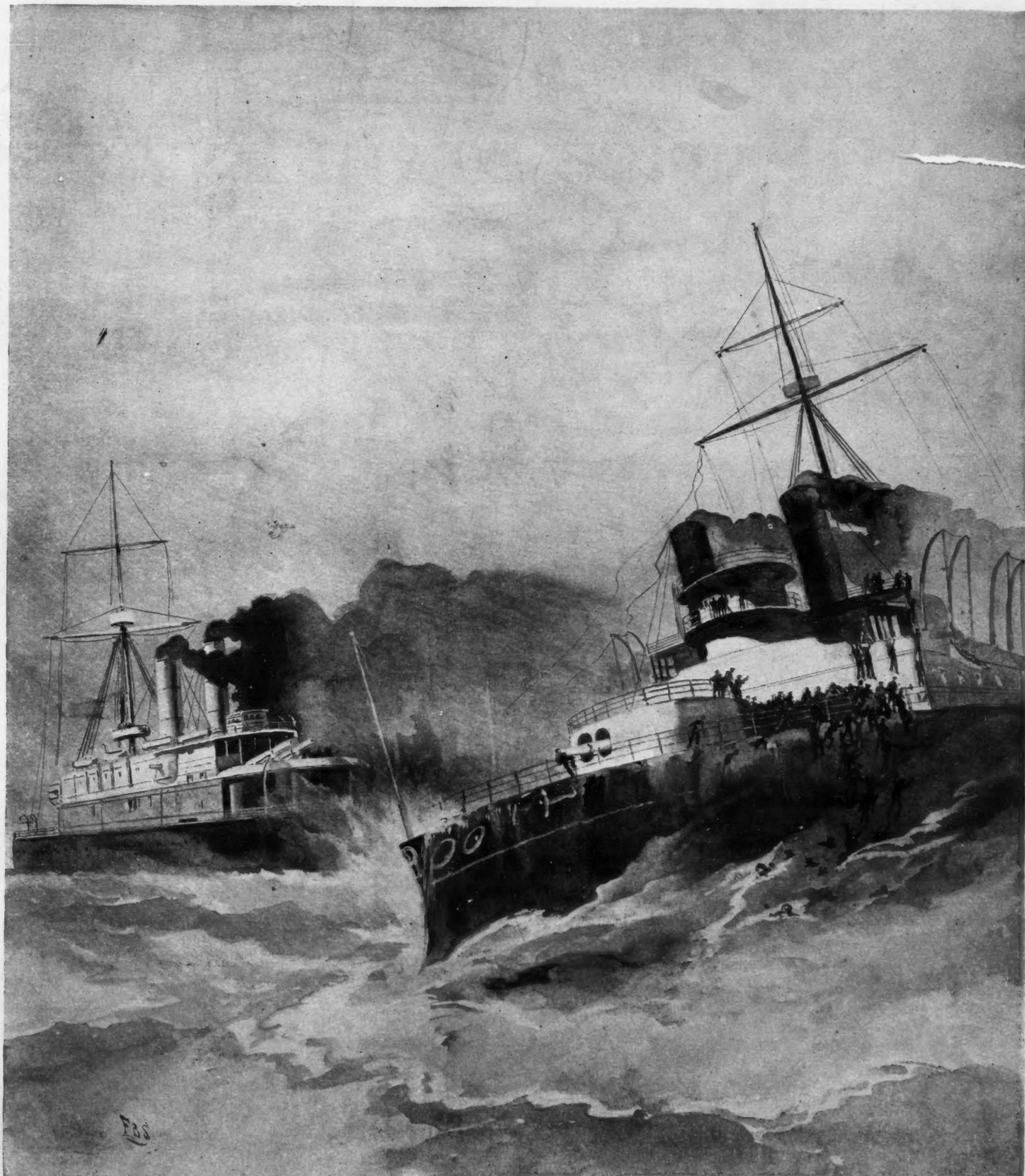
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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, JULY 6, 1893

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THE APPALLING BATTLE-SHIP DISASTER IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

THE FORMIDABLE BRITISH IRON-CLAD "VICTORIA," SUNK IN A COLLISION WITH THE "CAMPERDOWN," WITH A LOSS OF OVER
FOUR HUNDRED LIVES.—DRAWN BY F. B. SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 10.]

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LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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THE AMERICAN BEHRING-SEA CASE
AT PARIS.



of time, however, it will be realized that the legal and scientific questions involved in this arbitration are of very high importance. The purpose of the following is to state the real issues in the case. It is time that every American understood them.

Outside of the furriers the Alaska seal-herd is known to us only through its product, the seal-skin. Yet how many of us who are thoroughly familiar with the latter have stopped to think how it is that the animal furnishing it has been the cause, first, of seizures of vessels of a friendly Power out in the middle of Behring Sea without any previous warning; second, of diplomatic correspondence, partly of a very bitter character, between two great nations extending over six years; and third, of an arbitration between these same two Powers. An arbitration such as the present one is not entered upon lightly. It is, in the first place, a very costly affair. Furthermore, it was deemed so important by Great Britain that she refused to be represented by less than two judges. Then, too, nations do not arbitrate unless they have something serious and well-founded to arbitrate about; for if it turns out that either has invoked the aid of an international tribunal without sufficient cause, that nation will have succeeded in making itself ridiculous in the eyes of the civilized world.

There is unquestionably a widespread feeling in the United States that we have no case; and it is not too much to say that most of our countrymen are taking it for granted that we will be defeated. If we have gone to Paris without any case our State Department has indeed laid itself open to serious charges. Let us see how the matter stands.

To begin with, we may congratulate ourselves that this is no party question. The first seizures of British vessels on the high seas were made in 1886 and 1887, under Mr. Cleveland's administration. In 1889, under Mr. Harrison's administration, seizures were again made in precisely the same manner, though the grounds upon which these seizures could be justified were much more fully developed by Mr. Blaine than they had been by Mr. Bayard.

Seizing vessels of a friendly Power for catching seals on the high seas was an act which could not fail to be made the subject of immediate diplomatic remonstrance by Great Britain. And so it happened. What became of the vessels? They were condemned by the decree of an Alaskan court on the ground, generally speaking, that half of Behring Sea was ceded to the United States by Russia as territory. No appeal was taken from this decision to the Supreme Court, as might have been done,

This decision has been, so to speak, the key-note of the British contention before the tribunal of arbitration, and Sir Charles Russell, her attorney-general, has occupied five days in trying to show that until the issues were framed for this arbitration, it never occurred to the United States to take any other ground than the one that Behring Sea was *mare clausum*. This has been repeated to the tribunal *ad nauseam*. But it is wholly unfounded; and it is a fact that, whatever were the views of the Sitka court (from which, as already stated, no appeal was taken), the State Department never at any time undertook to justify the seizures upon the ground that *mare clausum* cut any figure in the case. To prove this it is sufficient to cite the following passage from Mr. Blaine's note of December 17th, 1890, to the British Minister: “The repeated assertions that the government of the United States demands that the Behring Sea be pronounced *mare clausum* are without foundation. The government has never claimed it and never desired it. It expressly disavows it.”

Surely the foregoing ought to be sufficient to prove to the most incredulous that it is no part of the United States' case at Paris to try and show that Behring Sea is a *mare clausum*.

What, then, have they gone there for? Are not certain questions of Russian jurisdiction in Behring Sea being discussed before the tribunal? Yes; but they are of very secondary importance, and may be very generally described as follows: In 1821 Russia issued a ukase, not declaring Behring Sea *mare clausum*, but prohibiting vessels from approaching within one hundred miles of the coasts of Behring Sea and parts of the Pacific Ocean. Vigorous protests followed. Four years later she granted to the United States and England the right to fish and navigate freely throughout the Pacific Ocean. Lord Salisbury claimed this gave England a treaty right to take seals in Behring Sea. Mr. Blaine said it did not, because Behring Sea was not included in the phrase “Pacific Ocean,” and further said that even if it were so included it furnished no justification for the war which British vessels were waging on a useful animal.

Out of this discussion grew several questions of wholly minor importance now before the tribunal, and we will not dwell on them. They are unimportant chiefly for the reason that the fur seals require protection far beyond the limits of Behring Sea. Unless protected in the Pacific Ocean as well as in Behring Sea they will soon be exterminated.

What, then, are the important questions submitted? They are the following:

First—The property question. From the outset the State Department, in dealing with the justification of the seizures, took the position that these fur seals were the property of the United States, and it has consistently maintained this position. Mr. Blaine reiterated it over and over again, and in discussing other positions took pains to show that they were only of secondary importance. (See, for instance, closing paragraphs of his note to Sir Julian Pauncefote, dated December 17th, 1890.) Through some extraordinary misapprehension the general public, however, seems to be imbued with the idea that just the reverse is the case.

The claim of property was thus formulated by him:

“The government of the United States has steadily held just the reverse of the position which Lord Salisbury has imputed to it. It holds that the ownership of the islands upon which the seals breed, that the habit of the seals in regularly resorting thither and rearing their young thereon, that their going out from the islands in search of food and regularly returning thereto, and all the facts and incidents of their relation to the islands, give to the United States a property interest therein.”

This idea has been fully developed by Mr. Carter in his able address before the tribunal, the most impressive address which has yet been made before it.

The claim of property in these animals may seem preposterous on its face, nor can the grounds on which it is based be explained here. It is very easy to make it appear ridiculous by alleging that the seals swim thousands of miles away from United States territory. But it should be remembered, also, they never leave the islands without the intention of returning thither, which they do with perfect regularity; that they remain on them a part of each year, and would perish were they prevented from reaching them, for there is no other place in the world where the species can be reproduced and born. The fact is, these animals differ from all others, and those who are opposed to the recognition of a property claim in them find special comfort in the belief that there is no precedent in the books for such a claim. This is and is not true. The point cannot be dealt with here. It is mentioned because the British government has taken the position at Paris that the present tribunal cannot develop international law by decreeing these animals to be property, even if it should be found that the ultimate grounds upon which the institution of property is based and recognized would fully warrant the recognition of a property interest in this case.

This property claim has been very ably dealt with by the Hon. B. F. Tracy in an article in the *North American Review* for May, 1893. It is a bold claim, but it is receiving most respectful consideration by the tribunal under the powerful presentation which has been made of it by Mr. Carter.

Second—The other important question submitted to the tribunal is substantially this: Supposing the United States

have no special rights of any kind in the fur seals when out at sea, and supposing they acted without warrant of law in seizing British vessels, still is it not necessary that Great Britain co-operate with them in protecting the seal herd? If so, what protection must these nations concur in affording, and over what waters must it extend?

One of the most remarkable features of the public discussions concerning this arbitration is the utter ignorance which has been shown to prevail concerning the above question. It is plainly stated in the treaty, and yet its existence does not seem to be generally known. It is regarded by the United States as by far the most important question submitted, and without it our government would never have consented to arbitrate the other questions. It proves conclusively, if nothing else does, that the real object of the present controversy is the preservation of the seal herd, not the solution of abstract legal questions. It proves that this arbitration is practical and not theoretical. The reason the other question, that of property, is submitted, is that the United States believes it has, without the concurrence of Great Britain, the right under international law to protect these seals, and that its action in seizing vessels engaged in destroying them, though such seizures occurred on the high seas, can be vindicated on just principles.

Having ascertained the vital point before the tribunal, viz., the measures necessary for the preservation of the seals, it will no longer do for any person to say that the United States have gone to Paris without a case, just because that person happens to be of the opinion that their claim of property may be hard to maintain. *The United States have a good case, if they can show that the pursuit of the fur seal in the waters of the Pacific Ocean and Behring Sea means destruction to the herd*; for then it becomes, by the express terms of the treaty, the duty of the tribunal to say that such pursuit shall be restrained in whole or in part, according to what it deems necessary.

A few words will explain why the United States deems such pursuit in the open water destructive of the herd. The seal is a highly polygamous animal, one male sufficing for at least twenty females. It follows that there is a large number of males in the herd which are not needed for breeding purposes, and which can be killed without diminishing the birth-rate of the herd. These are the animals which are killed on the Pribilof Islands by careful and economic methods. The law prohibits the killing of any female.

How is it at sea? An overwhelming array of indisputable evidence proves that all killing at sea is absolutely indiscriminate, without regard to age or sex, and that *at least seventy-five per cent. of the catches of sealing-vessels consists of female seals*, very many of which are pregnant, while others of them have temporarily left the islands in search of food for their young to whom they have recently given birth on the islands, and which in their turn die if their mothers are killed. Argument is unnecessary to show that to kill such pregnant or nursing females, or any females (unless it is desired to curtail the growth of the herd, which no one has suggested), is destructive of the stock. And it is a fact that the herd has been decreasing in the same measure that pelagic sealing has increased.

What is Great Britain's position in reference to the preservation of the herd? It has shifted greatly. In the negotiations leading up to the arbitration it was clearly agreed between the nations that the *sole object* of these negotiations was “the preservation of the fur-seal species, not the gain or benefit of any particular government or body of persons” (Sir Julian Pauncefote to Lord Salisbury, March 21st, 1890). To-day she stands before the tribunal, not as a champion of the seals, but as a champion of the Canadian industry of pelagic sealing. Her position is practically this: Pelagic sealing is a long-established industry, and the tribunal cannot for a moment consider any regulations which will seriously curtail its operations on the high seas. Fortunately for the fur seals, there is not the slightest suggestion in any part of the treaty that the tribunal is to take into account the continued welfare of this Canadian industry, which is so destructive of a useful race of animals.

Not only have the United States adduced unimpeachable evidence of the destructive effects of pelagic sealing, but they have further fortified their position by an appeal to many of the leading scientists of Europe and England. They have all submitted written statements in which they substantially agree, some more emphatically than others, that the killing of seals in the water must cease, if the herd is to continue to exist.

Not one of the least important contributions to seal literature (and one which cannot fail to promote the cause of the United States before the tribunal) is an article by a well-known English naturalist, Dr. Philip L. Sclater, secretary of the London Zoological Society, which has just appeared in the June number of the *Nineteenth Century Magazine*. Brushing aside all false patriotism, he boldly says:

“I think, therefore, that if the fur seal is to be preserved for the use of posterity, every true naturalist will agree with the American commissioners that ‘pelagic sealing’ ought to be altogether suppressed—in the first place because it necessarily involves the destruction of female life; and in the second place because of its wastefulness through the frequent failure to recover seals shot at sea.”

It should be mentioned that the British government has

not been able to obtain the opinion of a single naturalist of any nationality in support of its contention that pelagic sealing is not destructive of seal life and that, with a few slight restrictions, it can be carried on without injury to the same.

Great Britain has met our claims as to special rights in Behring Sea and ownership in the seals with powerful arguments. But her position on the vital point of the arbitration, viz., the preservation of seals regardless of legal rights, is false and full of inconsistencies. It is highly discreditable to her. She is employing all available tactics, and two of her most eminent lawyers, to aid her in perpetuating a destructive pursuit of a useful animal. The United States confidently expect such a judgment from the tribunal as will put an end to pelagic sealing. If we fail to get it, it will not be because we have gone to Paris, as many suppose, with a bad case.

PARIS, June 6th, 1893.



A TALK WITH BISMARCK.



PRINCE BISMARCK.

MR. G. W. SMALLEY, the London correspondent of the *Tribune*, recently left Mr. Gladstone and the British government to flounder along as best they might for a fortnight or so and ran over to Germany for the purpose of interviewing Prince Bismarck and picking up other interesting trifles. His letters about Berlin and its municipal administration are in his very

best style, and have been read with genuine interest. But the story of his interview with Bismarck is peculiarly fascinating and instructive. The picture of the masterful statesman in the retirement of home life is photographic in its fidelity; he stands out in clean-cut proportions, rugged and grand, before the eye of the reader, and one can almost fancy himself listening to the words which fall from his lips. And he appears to have talked with Mr. Smalley with entire freedom as to matters of real concern. Thus as to the Army bill his views were expressed with unmistakable emphasis. He regards the bill as altogether faulty; it provides for eighty thousand additional men in face of the fact that there are not enough officers of experience to command them, and of the further fact that there are now soldiers enough in the empire for any emergency. What ought to be done, he says, is to strengthen the artillery arm of the army. It was artillery that won the victory for Germany in the war with France, and with the changing conditions of war, the best artillery will win in the next conflict with even greater certainty. Prince Bismarck does not believe that more than one million men can be used effectively in any war which may arise, but if more should be necessary, Germany has an enormous reserve force which can be easily utilized.

Bismarck evidently shares the general German apprehension that sooner or later France will seek to avenge Sedan. This is shown by the fact that while he regards English politics with indifference, he manifests the keenest interest in French affairs. "If you live next a volcano," he said, "you naturally watch for the smoke out of the crater." That is an epigrammatic statement of the thought which is ever present in most German minds.

It is evident that Prince Bismarck regards his retirement from the public service as final. If the Emperor desires a reconciliation he will not refuse it, but it could never be more than a formality. While he is careful to speak of the heady young emperor with all respect, it is apparent that he does not have a high estimate of his abilities or character, and he certainly has little confidence in some of the advisers of the crown. The policy of Caprivi has not, in his opinion, contributed to the prosperity or strengthened the unity of the empire, and Bismarck is too old and wise to "identify himself with men or measures alike condemned by failure."

THE BUMPTIOUS IN JOURNALISM.

The criticisms of some leading newspapers on the management of the defense in the Borden murder trial afford a curious illustration of the bumptiousness which characterizes some journalistic minds. Here was a case involving a human life, in which circumstances and the evidence marshaled by the prosecution conspired to prejudice the prisoner at the bar. It was hedged about with perplexities of fact and rumor. Public opinion had settled into a conviction that the accused was guilty of the crime charged, for the reason, mainly, that apparently it could not have been committed by any other person. In order to a successful defense it was necessary that there should be, on the part of counsel, first, a thorough mastery of all the facts and incidents of the case; next, acute perception of the bearing of evidence and familiarity with the intricacies and limitations of criminal law and procedure; and, finally, cool, sober, discriminating judgment in the use of all the material available for the vindication of the accused. All these qualities were combined in ex-Governor Robinson. A man of strong intellectual grasp, with a rare capacity for

getting at the sources of things, and withal noted for solid common sense, he brought his training and the experience of years to bear upon the case in behalf of his client. Disdaining all professional arts, closing his eyes to the opportunity for rhetorical display, he addressed to the jury a plain, intelligent, simple presentation of the facts, showing their real significance as contrasted with the unwarranted construction put upon them by the prosecution, and thus, impressively emphasizing, as he developed his argument, the points conspicuously favorable, so cleared away misconceptions, dissipated prejudice, and minimized the influence of inferential circumstance as to make a verdict of acquittal actually inevitable. It would seem that the result amply justified the wisdom of the line of argument pursued by counsel. Indeed, eminent lawyers here and elsewhere have declared that "his speech to the jury will take rank with the ablest appeals which have been made in famous criminal cases."

But according to certain newspapers ex-Governor Robinson was utterly and lamentably wrong in his management of the case. The correspondent of the *Tribune* devoted nearly a column of valuable space to a criticism of the argument for the defense. The ex-Governor, it was said, had the opportunity of a lifetime, and he failed to improve it. The argument "was planned on a wrong theory and was not skillfully judged." He ought to have spent an hour in ridiculing and rebuking the State's evidence, and he didn't; he ought to have spent an hour in analyzing the contradictions and absurdities of the evidence, and he didn't do that; and then he ought to "have devoted a final hour to an ardent and eloquent appeal," and in this, too, he failed. If he had done any one of these things he would have pleased the *Tribune* correspondent; if he had done all of them he would have risen to the height of his "opportunity."

One cannot contemplate with even a show of complacency the conceit which thus projects itself upon the public gaze through the medium of a great newspaper. It is simply insufferable. It disgusts every man of average intelligence. It does not, probably, injure in the least the objects of its attacks, but it is none the less indefensible on the score of justice and fair play, and it ought to find no recognition or encouragement from any self-respecting newspaper.

The comments of some journals on the attitude assumed by District Attorney Knowlton toward the accused in this notable case seem to us to be equally unfair and unwarranted. It was Mr. Knowlton's official duty to present the case for the commonwealth in the strongest possible way consistent with the evidence. He had nothing to do with sentimental considerations. He stood for society and the law, and he would have failed in his official responsibility if he had neglected to employ every resource at his command to sustain the indictment found under the law in the interest of society. There is no evidence at all that he was governed by personal malevolence toward the prisoner. He performed a difficult and solemn duty ably and honestly, and he is entitled to approval rather than censure for his course.

OUR NAVY ABROAD.

MR. A. B. DE GUERVILLE, honorary commissioner for the World's Columbian Exposition, whose recent article in this paper descriptive of an interview with Li Hung Chang, the Viceroy of China, has attracted wide attention, gives us in a personal note a statement of the sorry figure which the old wooden vessels of the United States cut in foreign waters, and the contempt which is felt in China and elsewhere for our naval prowess. Mr. de Guerville writes:

"The Chinese do not think much of the United States Navy, as they judge it from the very poor specimens we have in Asia. I could fill columns with the jokes published over there on the old United States gunboat *Palos*, which remained at Tien-Tsin for years, and was in such condition that it could not steam up the river. When I was in Nagasaki the *Palos* had arrived, towed by the *Marion*, and the government decided to sell it at auction. It had found no purchaser at the time I left. The flagship *Lancaster*, the *Alliance*, the *Marion*, the *Alacrity*, composing, with the gunboat *Petrel*, the United States naval forces in Asia, are all old wooden vessels, armed as they were twenty-five years ago—not one modern gun having been added to their now worthless armament. The Chinese, who have now magnificent modern men-of-war, are convinced that they could easily enough destroy our navy."

"Some months ago the *Marion* was off the Chinese coast taking coal and water—at Cheefoo, if I remember correctly. A high Chinese mandarin called on board and was received by Commander B., who offered him cigars, champagne, etc. In leaving the ship the mandarin, while on the deck, gave a good look around.

"Ah, commander, I see you have still got the old guns?"

"Yes," replied the other; "still got them."

"They are very big," said the Chinese, smiling.

"Yes; very big."

"In fact, they look much bigger than the new guns."

"Yes, rather," said the commander, who did not like the talk at all.

"Oh, I see—I see," said the mandarin in a very sarcastic way; "you have got them for the *moral effect*!"

THE RAM IN THE "VICTORIA" DISASTER.

The great lesson in the recent appalling battle-ship disaster, the loss of the British *Victoria*, is the value of the ram in naval warfare. And it is gratifying to know that, owing to the persistence of Admiral Ammen, now retired, the United States has learned it already. The awful possibilities of naval fighting are illustrated in this accident as they could be in no other way except in actual fighting. A ship's ram has been counted as her weapon of almost

last resort. With a sure opening nothing would bring disaster more quickly; but exactly what would follow in that kind of close fighting where chance would dictate which vessel in crossing the other's course at right angles or at other inclination would be hit and which would do the hitting, has only been conjectured hitherto. It is probable that the *Victoria* and *Camperdown* were manoeuvring at reduced speed. What the result would have been at full speed or under forced draught, one can imagine from the results in this collision. Certainly the importance of the ram has been accentuated, and the great weakness of war-vessels, the lack of suitable water-tight compartments, has been exposed. The lesson also is to be learned that armor is not to be trusted in even ordinary collisions.

The United States will soon have in commission the Ammen ram *Katahdin*. Its purpose is chiefly as an auxiliary to a fleet. Sheltered by a battle-ship in an engagement, it could steal out under cover and deal a death-blow to any vessel of a hostile fleet.

Lamentable as this accident was on account of the loss of hundreds of brave men, one of whom was gallant Vice-Admiral Tryon, and the destruction of a noble vessel, it is a satisfaction to know that American naval skill leads the way in the construction of the ram separate from the equipment of all its new vessels as a mighty engine of war. The chief effect of this most deplorable accident will probably be, therefore, the construction in all the leading navies of the world of vessels for the sole purpose of ramming.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

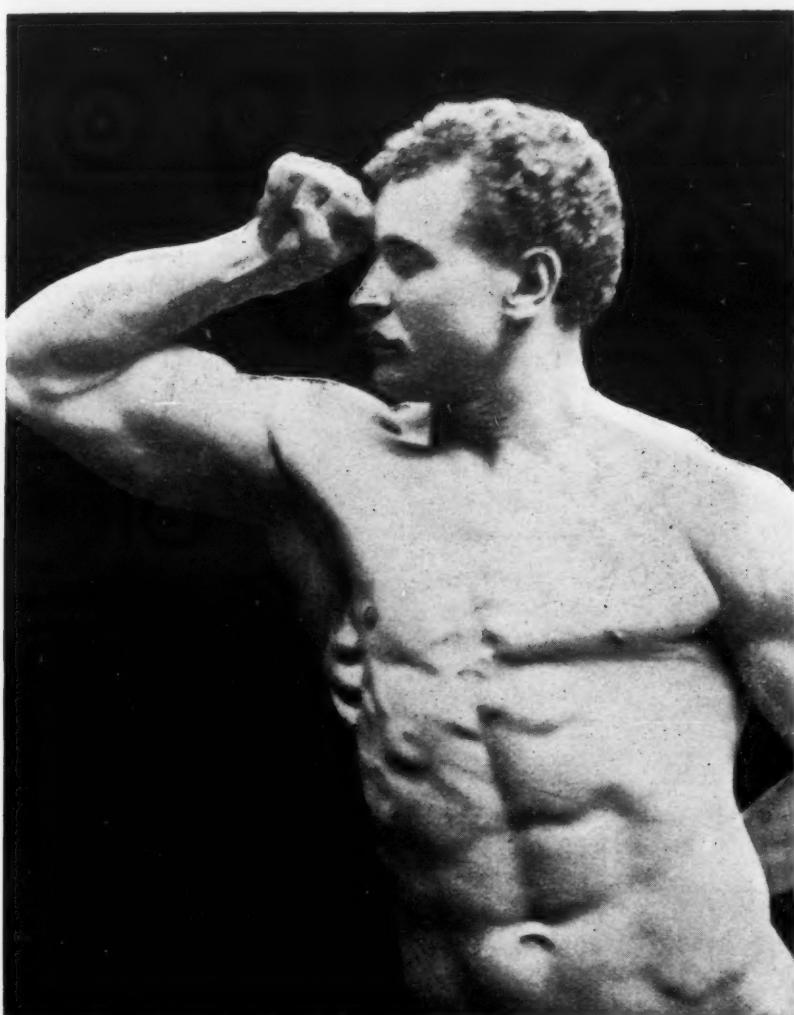
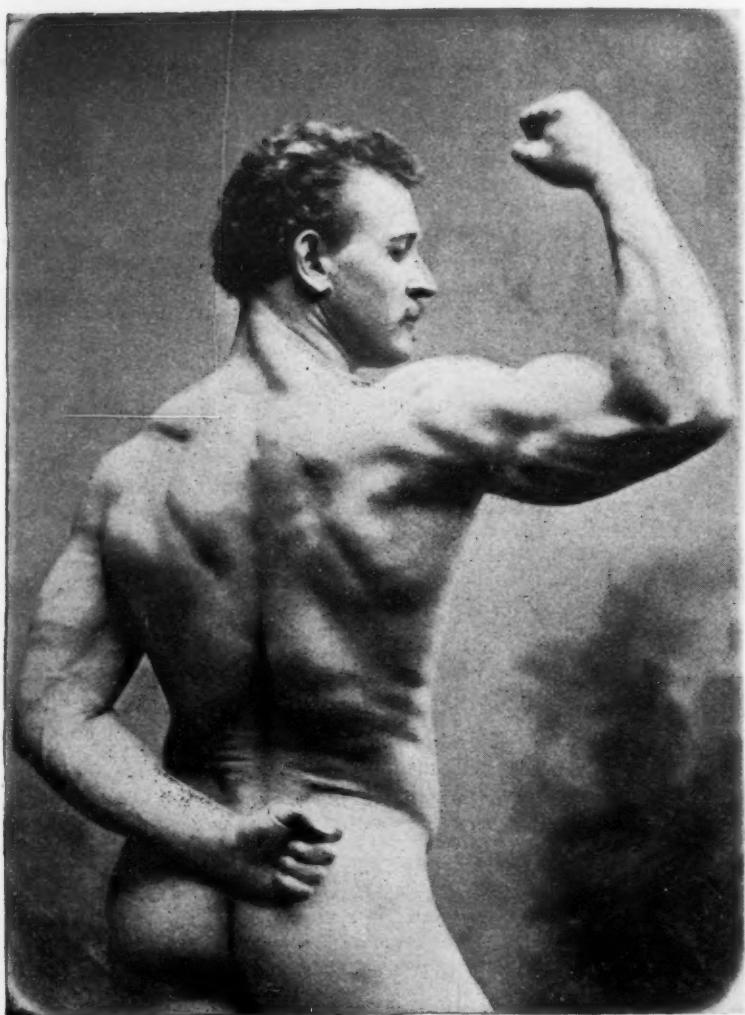
ACCORDING to a late official report the total value of the exports of the United States during the year ending with May last was \$843,373,845, being a decrease of \$174,610,700, as compared with the corresponding period of the previous year. During the last year the value of imports was \$936,901,287, as against \$828,848,119 in the preceding year. Our exports of gold for the year closing with May exceeded the imports by \$102,436,728. During the year previous the excess of gold exports over imports amounted to only \$600,100. These figures have a significance which no one can misunderstand. An actual change of our tariff policy, along the lines proposed by the last Democratic National Convention, would enormously aggravate the evils in the business situation of which they give suggestion.

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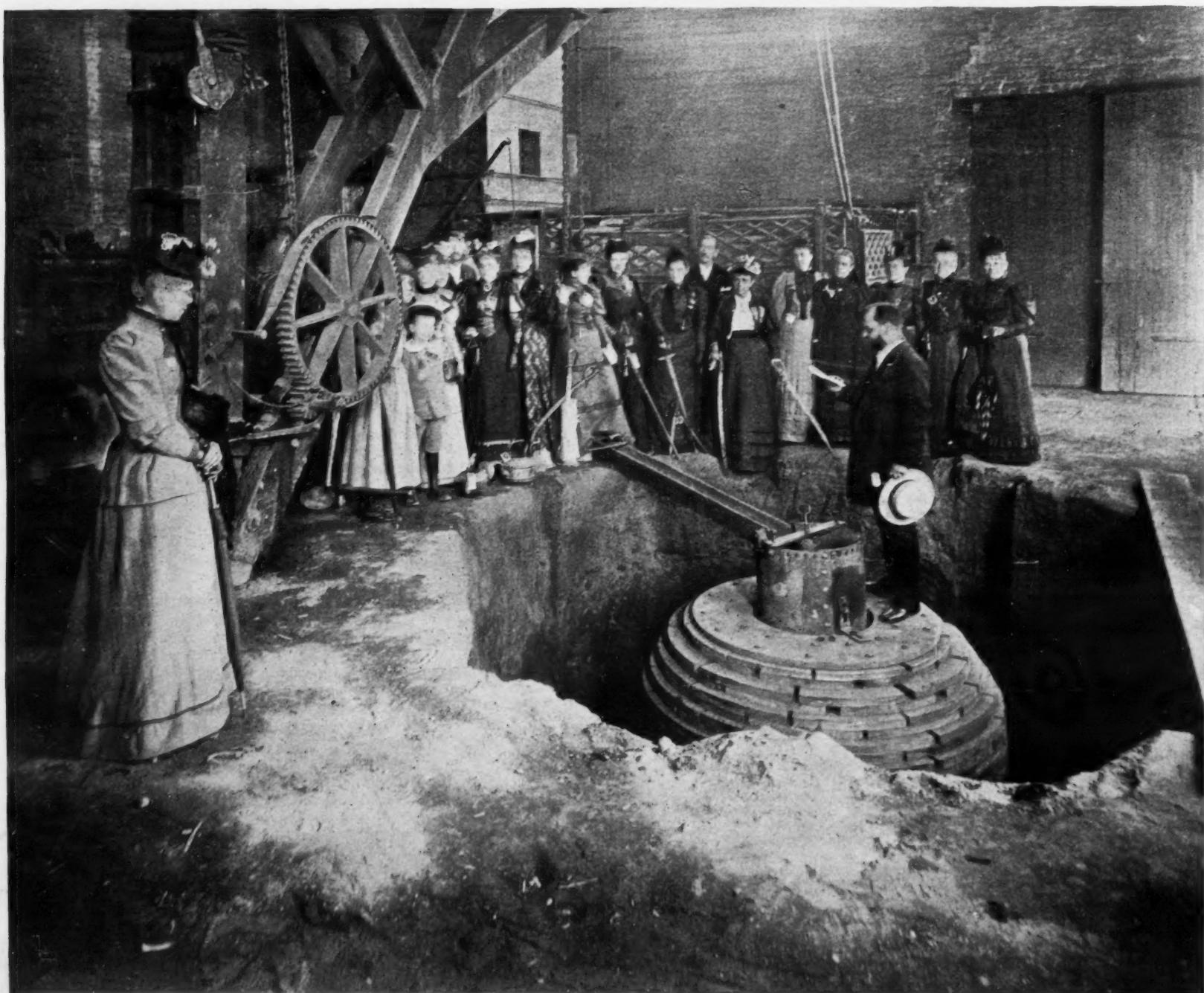
THE *Mail and Express* is right in declaring that the proposition to hold a late Republican State convention in New York this year is both foolish and cowardly. If there ever was a time when the Republicans of the Empire State should take the field early, with a view to a vigorous, aggressive canvass, that time is the present. All the conditions are favorable to Republican success. But we must use our opportunity, and that cannot be done if we wait until late in September before putting our candidates in nomination. The work of organization ought to begin at once in every county of the State. No organization ever amounts to anything effective which is undertaken three or four weeks before the election. The State committee should meet at once, decide upon the date of the State convention, and adopt active measures for concentrating the full strength of the party in support of the ticket which that convention may nominate.

*

SOME of the Democratic managers are mapping out a big programme of legislation for the next Congress. Congressman McMillan, of Tennessee, one of the recognized Southern leaders on the floor of the House, declared in a recent interview that it may be set down as certain that "the whole of the legislation passed during the reconstruction period will be wiped from our statute-books" by the triumphant Democracy. Special reference is had in this statement to the Federal-election laws, which are designed to secure something like fair elections, North as well as South, but there are other statutes enacted during the period of reconstruction which have a vital relation to the maintenance of the results of the Civil War, and these also are to be repealed, if Mr. McMillan and those who agree with him can have their way. Of course the object of the proposed legislation is to perpetuate Democratic control in the South, where the party has entrenched itself by practically disfranchising the Republicans. No doubt that object may be secured for the time being by the method proposed, but it is absolutely certain that, sooner or later, the ruling oligarchy in that section will be ousted from power and broken to pieces by a quickened and aggressive public opinion. A generation of men is coming to the front in all the more progressive Southern States upon whom old and traditional prejudices have no hold; whose faces are toward the future, and whose aspirations impel them to seize and utilize its opportunities; and these will not much long submit to a domination that is becoming hateful. Meanwhile the avowals of the Bourbon leaders that they mean to employ all the power at their command to maintain themselves in authority serve a useful purpose as illustrating the implacable temper of the dominant party and the absolute groundlessness of any expectation that it will ever place itself abreast of the broadening spirit of the time in its general policy.



SANDOW, "THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD"—HIS WONDERFUL MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 7.]



THE CASTING OF THE COLUMBIAN LIBERTY BELL AT THE CLINTON H. MENEELY FOUNDRY, WEST TROY, NEW YORK—PRELIMINARY CEREMONIES ON JUNE 8TH, IN PRESENCE OF THE LADIES OF THE COMMITTEE.—PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.—[SEE PAGE 6.]



TROUT-FISHING IN CANADIAN WATERS.

A MAN WITH A BABY FACE.

BY WILLIAM ARCH. McCLEAN.

"JIMMY ELLIS is indeed a funny boy," laughed Julia Costello to a friend.

"They say he is head over heels in love with you—follows you, is to be found somewhere near you most of his time. They tell me you have completely bewitched the boy," rejoined the friend.

"I must confess he seems to act very foolishly. No matter what I do or say, or ignore him, I can't scare him away. I have never done the slightest thing to encourage him," Julia soberly replied.

"What's the matter with the boy, then, that he hangs around you so much?" the friend asked.

"I don't know," Julia slowly said, and added in a wistful manner, "I wonder whether Jimmy will ever be a man—will ever look like a man."

"He's a pretty boy, anyhow," laughed the friend.

"Pretty as a baby," said Julia, joining in the laugh.

The subject of this conversation was not a boy, but a man of thirty years. A man of full stature, yet with the expressionless face of a baby. It was round and full. The skin was of a soft pink color, with a tinge of darker color in the cheeks. The eyes were large and of a light blue, and opened in an innocent surprise when their owner was spoken to. He had a little chubby nose and a small mouth. There were no lines or shadows on his face.

He was a pretty man; so pretty that his face was repulsive to man and to womankind. There was nothing about the face to counteract the seemingly expressionless vacuity there. Strangers continually asked, "Who is the man with the baby face?" The reply was always "Jimmy" Ellis. The man James Ellis was swallowed up in the boy Jimmy.

Another characteristic heightened the effect of this boyishness. His voice was pitched an octave higher than is usual in men. He spoke in a light, chattering tone that went off into a screech. He talked and laughed like a woman. All his male associates as he became older grew away from him, deriding the man with a baby face and a woman's voice. Womankind seemed ever to be making sport of him.

James Ellis was extremely sensitive in respect to these characteristics. He was conscious of the fun and sport others were having at his expense. In consequence he gave humanity a wide berth. While he did so, he hated that big baby face of his. It made life miserable to him. It angered him at times to hear his own voice. He had tried in vain to coax a growth of whiskers to hide the face. A tuft of yellow hair here and there was all that made its appearance. In despair he had given up any further attempts in this direction.

Notwithstanding these outward signs, James Ellis was a man of true, honest, and honorable instincts and aspirations. He delighted in the pleasures of a robust manhood. He was an all-round athlete. There was not a better horseback-rider in the town in which he lived. His mother had died when he was a child. His father died when he reached his majority, leaving him a home in the Pennsylvania town of B— and two farms lying near the village. An aunt had been installed as housekeeper over the home.

James Ellis was a better manager of the farms than his father had been before him. He gave them his constant attention. There was no part of the work on the farm he could not do. Those under him knew what would be expected from them. James Ellis not only knew how to manage the farms better than his father, but knew how to live and enjoy life and that which he made, better.

There was not a better library in the town than his; he had collected it himself. He was a lover of art. James Ellis was a talented man. His large hunting-dog heard many a soliloquy that for originality and brightness would have rivaled the mental calibre of by far the greater number of his fellow-townsmen.

James Ellis's life had been, however, a failure, as he looked at it—an unhappy failure—a miserable existence, caused by a baby face and a woman's voice.

His greatest happiness, and at the same time his greatest unhappiness, was his love for Julia Costello. He was not content unless near her. He worshiped her. It was the love of a strong man; the only love of a lonely life. He had

known her from childhood, and had always loved her. He loved her because he could not conceive how life could be complete without her. Because he believed that with woman—the best gift to man—this woman, could he alone reach the great blessings of existence—home, love, happiness. He was miserable because he had been and was no more to Julia than "Jimmy." He felt that, with his baby face and woman's voice, he had failed to awaken the chords of love, to sound the depths of her heart. She liked him, respected him, but he was only "Jimmy," her boy playmate.

Shortly after the conversation between Julia and her friend, James Ellis succeeded in gaining a long-looked-for opportunity. Taking Julia's hand in his, he said, in his squeaky voice:

"Julia, darling, I love thee, I love thee. This love is the sweetest, the only thing on earth that makes life worth the living to me. Be mine. Love me—marry me."

Julia could not help seeing the ridiculous in the voice, in the face, and interrupted him several times as he spoke, saying:

"Oh, don't, Jimmy! Don't, Jimmy!"

Silence ensued. He began again:

"Won't you give me your answer? Can't you love me?"

"Oh, don't! Oh, don't, Jimmy!" Julia again pleaded.

"Can I hope? Tell me something," James Ellis urged.

"I hardly know what to say," Julia answered. "I have never thought of such a thing as you have spoken of. It seems funny. You seem but the boy I played with yet. I hardly know whether to bid you to hope or not to hope. I might answer better in a month."

"I'll wait the month," the man readily said.

"Make it two months."

"Well, let it be two, then."

"Four months might be better yet."

"Make it, dear, just as you will. I am content if only in the end you will be mine."

So it was decided that at the end of four months she would give her answer, yes or no, to his suit, or whether he might hope or whether it was hopeless. This was February—June might witness the making of one life or it might not.

While James Ellis was content to wait, he was not hopeful. He was only "Jimmy" to Julia. Jimmy, the boy—the playmate with the pretty face and a woman's voice. Julia wished a man for her husband, representative of manhood and strength. He feared the decision. The time crept on fast; weeks had flown, a month passed. There was no change in Julia's feelings that he could detect.

It was in the latter part of March that, in the dead of night, a fire-alarm was sounded. Men sprang from their beds, jumped into their clothes. It was a country town in which every man and many women were needed to fight the dread fiend. It was soon discovered that a weather-boarded dwelling-house had taken fire at the roof. When the crowd reached the house the top of it was wrapped in flames. James Ellis was among the first on the ground. It was thought that every soul had left the house. There was a terrible scream. In the second-story room, by the blaze of the fire, could be seen a woman.

The blood froze in the men's faces as they looked at the awful scene. They looked at each other, then back at the woman. Who would make a move to save her? Like a flash James Ellis rushed toward the house, kicked open the door, disappeared, fought his way through the smoke and heat in the second story until he reached the woman. He dashed out a window and helped her to the ladder that had been raised.

As the crowd watched, James Ellis disappeared. Another second and there was a fall of heavy timber into the house; a column of sparks went upward. Seconds passed. The fire was making headway rapidly. James Ellis had not appeared. At last anxious watchers crept into the house and came upon the body of Ellis lying at the bottom of the stairs. He had been knocked down by the falling timber. The fire had not reached the place where he was lying.

He was tenderly picked up, carried out of the house and to his home. The falling timber had struck him in the face, cutting and tearing great gashes the whole length. The hot embers of the wood had burned great red blotches along the wound.

It was only after weeks of careful nursing by

the faithful aunt that James Ellis was pronounced well. He had recovered from the wound to fall into a fever. It was June when the doctor told him he had done all he could for him, that it was for him now to grow in strength. It was not until that time that James fully realized that a great change had taken place.

"Jimmy" with the baby face was a thing of the past. There was an ugly scar on the forehead, another on the chin, and one on the cheek. There were red patches where he had been burned. He was no longer pretty. He was ugly, yet not repulsively so—no uglier than many other men. With the fever had also gone the woman's voice. It was now like that of other men.

It was four months since that day in February that he decided to venture out. He waited until it was dusk. Then he made his way to the home of Julia. He was ushered into the parlor, where a half-light burned. In a moment Julia came, coming quickly to see her "Jimmy"—the much talked-of and admired hero of the night of the fire—and to congratulate him on his recovery. She rushed up to him, and taking his outstretched hand, exclaimed:

"Oh, Jim—" stopping startled as she looked in his face, then stammering, continued: "Beg—pardon—Mr—Ellis—I'm so glad to see you!"

The man was surprised into formality. "Mr. Ellis!" Julia had never addressed him thus before. What did it mean?

As the evening passed they talked of the events of the past months. As he spoke in that low, tender, pleading, manly voice Julia listened enraptured. There were chords in her being that were touched, and responded as they had never done before. There was something in her being that went out to the man—the scarred hero. At last, in low, passionate tones he pleaded:

"Julia, darling, I have come for the answer promised, that can make life the sweetest thing on earth to me. I have come now to know whether I dare hope for happiness. I'm disfigured now—ugly, but I love you—love you, if possible, more than I ever have. Can you love me?"

As he held her in his arms, Julia, tenderly caressing the scars with the tips of her fingers, whispered:

"These don't disfigure you, dear. You are not ugly to me."

THE COMING OF SUMMER.

THE woods are astir with the flutter of wings,
Each thicket resounds with the notes of a song;

The maples' green banners unfurl to the
breeze,

And hither the dryads come tripping along,
Whose chanting has startled the squirrel that

springs

From bough unto bough of the whispering
trees.

The uplands, whose pastures of emerald hue

Lie low at the frolics of lambs at play.

Are waiting expectant for some one to come,

Tricked out in their holiday finery, gay

With buttercups yellow and harebells of blue,

That tinkle and chime when we think they
are dumb.

The brook is aglad with hilarious glee.

And gambols and leaps as it runs to the lake.

"She's coming! she's coming!" it shouts to
the field;

"The cranes have come back and the woodchuck's
awake!"

Like any young madcap from durance set free,

And singeth for joy till its lips shall be sealed.

The lake as her children run into her arms.

Impatient to tell the good tidings the first,

Takes each to her heart, and there rocks it
to sleep;

And while on her heaving, full bosom 'tis nurst,

She croons a soft lullaby, speaking the charms

Of summer, high carnival coming to keep.

TORONTO, ONTARIO. WILLIAM T. JAMES.

COLUMBIAN LIBERTY BELL.

ONE of the most, if not the most, wonderful thing of this wonderful year, is the creation of the Columbian Liberty and Peace Bell. The idea of this bell was formulated by

William O. McDowell, of Newark, New Jersey, the organizer of the societies of the Sons of the American Revolution and the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Human Freedom League, and the leader in many another effort for liberty and peace.

On Christmas Day last Mr. McDowell, recog-

nizing that the time had come when the United States was truly a united country, and that all that was necessary that American liberty should go around the world was that the world should have a knowledge of the prosperity that we had realized under free institutions, issued a circular-letter to the lovers of freedom and justice throughout the world, in which he suggested that we should add to our old Liberty Bell of the Revolution, and to the Centennial Bell hung in Independence Hall in 1776, a third, to be known as the Columbian Liberty Bell, to be used first at the Chicago exhibition, and thereafter to go from place to place proclaiming the angel's message of "peace and good will" to mankind.

Favorable response to this suggestion was received almost immediately. A committee of one lady from each State and Territory in the Union was formed, these ladies being appointed in most cases by the Governor. To this committee was added a lady representing each different republic in the world, and ladies representing the different great patriotic societies. The Daughters of the American Revolution took up the work with great energy under the leadership of Miss Mary Desha, of Kentucky. The great express companies of the United States gave free transportation to Troy, New York, for material contributed from the most remote parts of the Union. The Western Union Telegraph Company placed their wires freely at the disposal of the chairman.

The efforts of the committee were not for large contributions, but that the number of contributors who might share in the satisfaction of having a part in the creation of this, the first liberty bell in the history of the world deliberately planned as a liberty bell, and to ring only on the anniversaries of liberty events, should be at the highest attainable maximum.

Up to date over two hundred thousand individuals have contributed. The collection of historical material received is wonderful.

"It is not to be builded—this bell that we planned—Of common ore dug from the breast of the land; But of metal first moulded by skill of all arts;—Built of the treasures of fond human hearts."

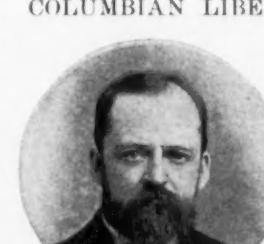
Money has been received that was in use at the time of Christ; coins issued by republics that have been crushed; silverware owned and used by Washington, Jefferson, Houston, Jackson, and Clay; General Simon Bolivar's watch-chain; mementoes from Abraham Lincoln; a link from George Washington's surveying-chain; a former slave now owning the plantation sends the key to Jefferson Davis's house; a daughter sends Lucretia Mott's fruit-knife; a former Presidential candidate sends the bell from the home of William Tell; the Polish Alliance sends a contribution in money in commemoration of their effort for Polish freedom; a piece of a chain worn by a prisoner in far-off Siberia is promised; a piece of the old Liberty Bell has been received; filings from historical bells from all over the world. Henry C. Grady's children send a spoon he had used. Many wedding-rings of dead wife or husband have been contributed by old people who considered them too sacred to be trusted to the "uncertainties" after they are gone. Medals for bravery from many a battle-field, and upon both sides in the late war between the States have been received. Two bullets that met in mid-air were sent in by the wife of a noted Confederate general, she saying in regard to them: "A bullet from the North met with equal force a bullet from the South, and so imbedded themselves into each other as to make a solid mass, and in the form of a letter 'U,' illustrative of the Union of to-day."

From the mines of every State and Territory producing appropriate metal has come bullion, that it might be united in this Columbian Liberty Bell, typifying the Union of to-day, and ring out for all time for God, liberty, humanity, and right.

A little girl sent the following words: "My papa gave me this penny for a kiss, and I give it for the Liberty Bell." The sister of the commander of the Confederate Veterans Association, representing the State of Georgia upon the committee, writes: "As a Southern woman born on the 'old plantation,' and as the widow of the youngest captain in the Confederate army, and the daughter of a major of that same army, it gives me pleasure to come with offerings of good-will from our empire State of the Southland, to mould into that bell with its beautiful idea of 'peace on earth.'"

The Atlanta *Constitution* says: "The Columbian Liberty Bell should be an everlasting symbol of the complete restoration of the harmony of the sections. Every State and Territory in the Union has an interest in it, in that it will ring the music of the love of all the States for the flag of our common country."

From far-off San Diego, California, comes the



WILLIAM O. McDOWELL.

message: "Here, in a land where the Liberty Bell of '76 would have sounded strangely to the mission Indians, sea-gulls, and pink-throated lizards, freedom and liberty are celebrated with as much enthusiasm as at Bunker Hill."

From President Emile Arnaud, of the International League of Liberty and Peace, Geneva, Switzerland, that publishes the paper called *The United States of Europe*: "I accept with pleasure the membership in your general committee for the creation and care of the Liberty and Peace Bell."

Truly, we live in a wonderful age, an age of advancing republicanism; an age when liberty bids fair to overcome and crush out the present militarism that is the last dependence of autocracy.

The text for the Columbian Liberty Bell is peculiarly befitting. It is in the following words: "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another."

The bell was successfully cast on the 22d of June at the Clinton H. Meneely Bell Foundry, at Troy, New York, in the presence of an interested group of spectators. The cast called for seven tons of metal.

THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

THIS is an age in which athletics are of great consequence, and muscular development is considered to be of equal moment to mental training in our great universities. This is not only the case in America, but quite true also in both England and Germany. It is not surprising, therefore, that the person who is generally conceded to be the strongest man in the world should receive much attention in all of these countries. To be the first man in the world in any line of effort or accomplishment is sufficient to attract very great attention, but to be the strongest man in the world, that is all-compelling distinction. We have all heard of Sandow, the weight-lifter, the gymnast and general athlete, for he has been before the European public for something like ten years, and during the past five years he has been almost continuously in London, where he has overcome all competitors in contests of strength. Now he is in America and is at present at the Casino, in New York, where, nightly, great crowds gather to gaze upon the marvelous feats of this very wonderful man. His muscular development seems extremely abnormal, and, like everything else abnormal, it is rather unpleasant to look upon.

We have all heard of muscles like knotted cords and ropes, and sometimes we have seen such, but it is doubtful if anything approaching Sandow's muscles has ever been seen in America. In Grecian antiquities something of the kind is met with, but in real life very rarely. When he first appears in his performance he is stripped, with the exception of a breech-clout and sandals, and all of his muscles are on exhibition. He postures so as to bring the muscles more prominently before the audience, and he appears to be able to make them rise and fall just as easily as he can open and shut his eyes. His arms do not look like arms that we are in the habit of seeing, but like diseased members afflicted with tumors and swellings. And his chest, too, is lumpy and distorted with muscles. The abdominal muscles are like matted cords tied around the body. As he moves his body or his arms these muscles all contract and expand in a wonderful way that may be pleasing to a professor of physical culture, but which gives an ordinary observer anything but pleasant sensations. When he fills his lungs by inhalation his chest expands to what seems almost twice its ordinary size and he looks as though he would burst. When he empties his lungs after filling them he seems to shrink almost to the proportions of a skeleton. All this was very interesting, but it is far from pretty or agreeable to look upon. Above this wonderful torso is a head like that of any moderately good-looking, healthy man, and it seems out of keeping. Smooth cheeks and an unwrinkled brow look queer above a body all distorted and knotted by muscle.

The second part of the programme shows the strong man doing more active work. He first uses two fifty-six-pound dumb-bells, and handles them with the ease that an ordinary athlete would display with ten-pounders. One feat seems little less than marvelous. With a fifty-six-pound dumb-bell in each hand he swings his arms back and forth and turns a back-somersault. Then he repeats this with his eyes bandaged and his ankles tied together. The second feat is probably not more wonderful than the first, but it has a good effect on an audience. Now a queer-looking dumb-bell is brought in by eight men, who stagger unnecessarily under the weight. The ends of this dumb-bell are baskets and in each is a man

weighing something like one hundred and twenty-five pounds. This he raises with one hand above his head and stops it a moment while straight out from his shoulder. In another act he stands with his knees fastened to a column and lifts two men from the floor over his head. The performance concludes with an exhibition of weight-carrying. Sandow makes a bridge with his arms and legs and carries a heavy plank on his chest. On this plank three ponies are driven, and when it balances he must be loaded with nearly a ton of weight.

NOTABLE JEWS.—NO. XIV. DR. JOSEPH LEWI.

THE political movements of 1847, the ominous mutterings which preceded the revolution of 1848, marked a new era in the history of the Jews in the United States.

Up to that time the Jews who had immigrated to this country, and who had gained standing in the community, came from England, Portugal and Holland. They were superior people; they were an important factor in the land's commerce, and charities founded by them are thriving to-day. While adhering tenaciously to their faith, closely observing the rites and ceremonies as they were taught them abroad and taking no steps toward modernizing or Americanizing their Judaism, they were good, patriotic citizens, and the generosity of one of their number—Judah Touro, of New Orleans—hastened the completion of Bunker Hill monument.

There were many German-speaking Jews in the United States at that time, but they were for the most part people from the rural districts, men with small knowledge of the affairs of the world, outside of their narrow circle, and women reared in an atmosphere which precluded the development of refined taste.

They started life here as peddlers and small traders, and were looked upon by the Portuguese Jews much as the descendants of these same thrifty German Jews now regard the Russian immigrants.

The revolution in Germany and Austria drove large numbers of a better class to this country, among the first of whom was the subject of this sketch.

Dr. Joseph Lewi was born in Radnitz, Bohemia, where his parents Elias and Rosa (Resek) were born. In early boyhood he evinced a taste for study, which was not satisfied by the course at the Gymnasium of Pilzen. His parents, though not poor, were hardly able to give him a collegiate education, but he matriculated at the University of Prague, earning sufficient to pay his way by teaching and coaching other students. He did the same at the University of Vienna, where he attended the lectures of Hyrtl, Oppolzer, Hebra, Skoda, Rokitanski, and other celebrated authors and experts of that time, and had as class-mates and intimate associates the poets Leopold Kompert, Moritz Hartmann, and the afterward famous dramatist and journalist, Salomon Mosenthal.

After being graduated, Dr. Lewi returned to his native town, where he practiced his profession about a year, when, at the outbreak of the "March revolution," knowing that the efforts of the revolutionists must end in disaster, he decided to go to America, leaving with his frères a letter in which he prophesied the collapse of the Democratic movement, with which he was heartily in sympathy. He came to this country in 1848 and settled in Albany, New York, where he has since resided and practiced his profession with success.

As an active member of the New York State Medical Society, of which he was for years a censor, Dr. Lewi has been frequent contributor to medical literature; he is a past president of the medical society of his county, and is now the senior physician to the Albany Hospital. He was for twelve years a member of the Board of Public Instruction of the city of Albany, the only public office for which he ever allowed his name to be used. An abolitionist before he came to America, it was but natural that he should join the Republican party when he became a voter. He was one of the first members of the Union League, when that organization had a patriotic object, and takes pride in having voted for every Republi-

can Presidential candidate, from Fremont to Harrison. Dr. Lewi was married in New York City in 1849 to Bertha Schwarz, daughter of Joseph Emanuel Schwarz, who for thirty years was cantor of the Synagogue at Cassel, Germany, and who was famous in his day as a composer of sacred music, much of which is used in the synagogues of this country. They have fourteen children, of whom nine are married.

SUMMER RESORTS AND RECREATIONS.

IT is not the least of the many advantages of this metropolis that it is within easy reach of a multitude of resorts which afford abundant facilities for amusement and recreation. Probably there is no city in the world which possesses so great an eminence in this particular. Seashore, mountain, lake and country are within easy access. On the south lies the Jersey shore with its many attractions; the Delaware and Virginia beaches, and the far-famed Virginia springs. Near by are Coney

recesses of the great mountains thousands of visitors find health and recreation in outings ranging from a fortnight to two or three months. And there is no more enjoyable life than out-door life in these great solitudes, where no echoes from the world ever come. So, too, the shores of Lake George are dotted with villas, and with summer hotels, half-hidden, for the most part, by foliage; while Lake Champlain is every year adding to the number of those who delight in its attractions.

There is no doubt that this tendency to prolong summer outings is in every respect desirable and ought to be encouraged. Especially commendable is the tendency of families to transfer their households in midsummer from the city to the quietude and enjoyment of country neighborhoods.

It is to be said, too, that while the well-to-do in this way refresh and re-invigorate themselves, increasing attention is given every year to providing the means of recreation for the poorer classes. The fresh-air-fund work of the *Tribune*, the enterprise of St. John's Guild, and others of like character, are the measure of the popular sympathy with the needs of the suffering and distressed, and show very conclusively that the more fortunate by no means forget the responsibility they are under to share the advantages they enjoy with those who but for their help would find the torrid summer a season of prolonged misery.

FACE STUDIES BY STILETTO

ANY applicant sending us 50 cents will be entitled to a short reading of character from a specimen of handwriting, to be sent by mail, and the monthly edition of *FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY* for six months, or the regular weekly edition for five weeks. \$1.00 to a minute and circumstantial reading of character, by mail, and the monthly edition of the *ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY* for one year, or the weekly edition for three months. \$4.00 to a character reading from any photograph desired by mail, such readings to be considered as strictly confidential and photograph to be returned, and the full weekly edition of the *ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY* for one year.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

STRONG individuality and a disinclination to disregard the promptings of his own personality lie strongly marked across Mr. Howell's nose, eyes and brows. He is reflective and capable of extreme reticence. The drooping mustache conceals, as if from design, the tell-tale lips, but a warm temperament, worldly in its ambitions and less ideal than deliberate, is to be judged from the general turn of his countenance. He is conventional. Has above his eyes sense of form and color, but the level plain of his fancy is better pleased by a harmony of tints than with contrasts of color. His forehead is practical, the breadth of his face speaks of stability, the cast of his eyes of shrewd judgment. Long and deep is the glance of his eye. He sees far, but not always broadly; thinks deeply but not always impartially. He is sound, is strong. Has the



DR. JOSEPH LEWI.



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

courage of his convictions, but they are set rather than bold. Personal appreciation is upon his cheeks, and a keen sense of his own dignity. A man of strong integrity of purpose, his errors will always bear the seal of logic, and intention the light of day. He is careful, clear and deliberate, is reasonable and firm, and will leave upon his times a stamp more indelible than the evidence of the moment would seem to prove.



ROCKS ON THE COAST OF MAINE.



THE BEACH AT ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY.—PHOTOGRAPH BY W. H. RAU.



ST. HUBERT'S ISLE, RAQUETTE LAKE, IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—COPYRIGHT BY S. R. STODDARD.



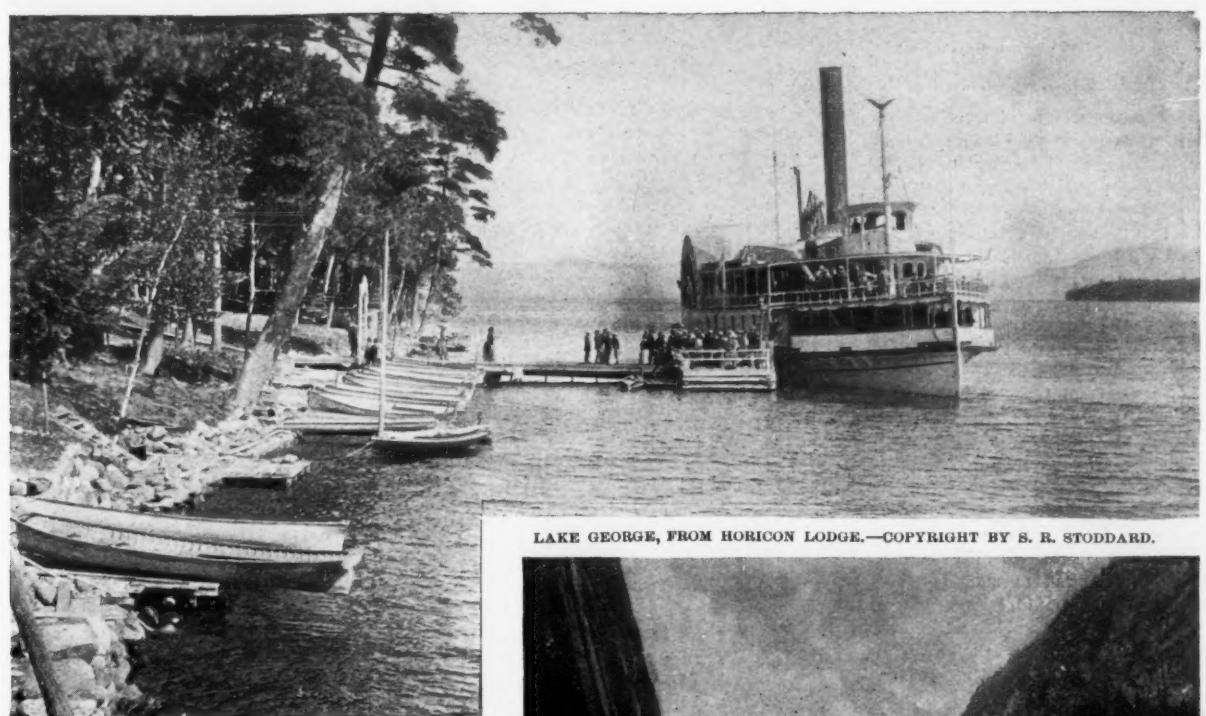
LAKE MINNETONKA, MINNESOTA.—PHOTOGRAPH BY INGERSOLL.



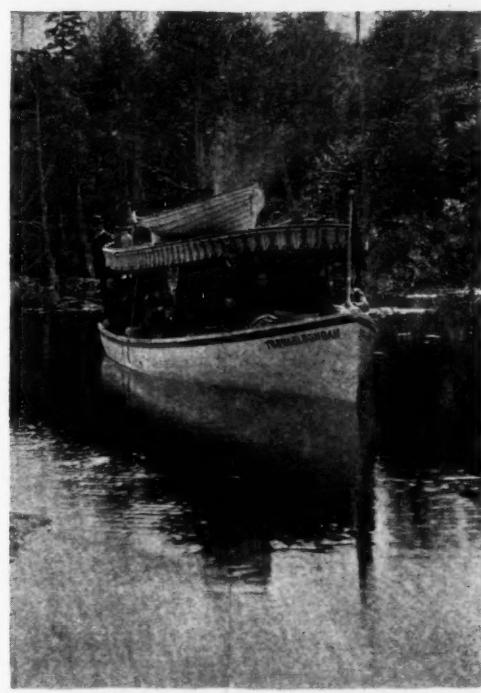
ROCKS NEAR NEWPORT.—PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVIDSON.

THE SEASON OF SUM-

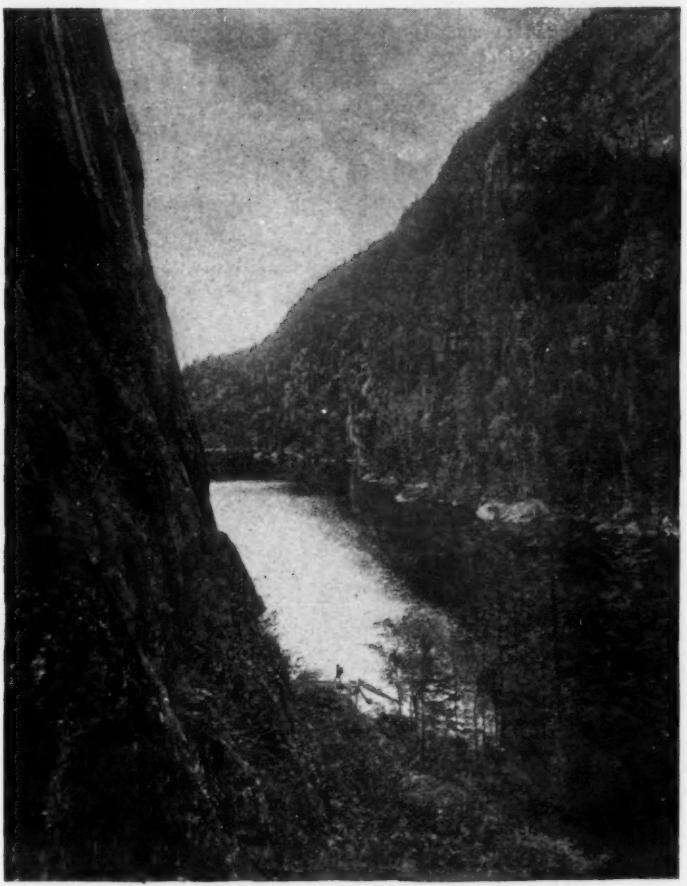
MOUNTAIN, LAKE, AND SEASHORE WITHIN EASY REACH OF METROPOLITAN CENTRES,



LAKE GEORGE, FROM HORICON LODGE.—COPYRIGHT BY S. R. STODDARD.



MARION RIVER, IN THE ADIRONDACKS.
COPYRIGHT BY S. R. STODDARD.



AVALANCHE LAKE, ADIRONDACKS, FROM THE NORTH.
COPYRIGHT BY S. R. STODDARD.



FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.—PHOTOGRAPH BY W. H. JACKSON.



BATHING AT NARRAGANSETT PIER.—PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVIDSON.



LOWER USABLE LAKE, IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—COPYRIGHT BY S. R. STODDARD.

ON OF SUMMER OUTINGS.

AN CENTRES, EAST AND WEST.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS, AND A PAINTING BY F. B. SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 7.]

THE EXTENSION OF THE TROLLEY SYSTEM.

One of the problems of rapid transit, or at least quicker transit, in our cities is the question of which motor-power can be applied to street-cars as a mode of propulsion superior to the horse. The consensus of opinion, both corporate and public, is that the horse as a motor-power on street-cars is about to pass into innocuous desuetude; at least such is the verdict wherever the municipality or the corporation is animated by a progressive and enlightened spirit. This naturally does not apply to the Eighth Avenue line in New York City, which as a purveyor to public needs is outside of the pale of modern civilization. This road will never reform until all of its present officials are dead and buried, and from present appearances this does seem a long way off.

As every one knows, steam in almost every form has been applied as the direct motor-power and found wanting. San Francisco led the way with the cable lines, not a new system, but perfected and improved upon until it became, in the minds of most people, the beau ideal of street-car propulsion. San Francisco was followed in its use by Chicago, Kansas City, and many other Western cities. Then Philadelphia's all-powerful street-railroad syndicate took it up, but being of a niggardly, narrow spirit, they attempted to crawl around the Root and other patents, and devised a grip of their own; the result has been disaster from the first, to the enormous discomfort and disadvantage of the citizens of the Quaker burgh, and, happily, to the great expense of the Philadelphia Traction Company. During all this "cabling" of street railways the electricians were industriously at work upon systems of various kinds to supersede the horse, mule, and cable. Storage batteries of many designs were tried, but, it must be said, with comparatively limited success; some are yet in operation—notably one in Washington which does seem to have completely fulfilled its mission, although it is claimed by the champions of the trolley system that the cars are heavy and clumsy, and that the system is too expensive to admit of general use. The metropolitan birth of the trolley system really took place in Boston, where nearly all of the suburban districts are connected with the city itself by roads which adopted the overhead electric wire system. Brooklyn followed suit, stringing most of her wires under the elevated structures, which somewhat mitigated the evil. A good tale is told of a man from Maine, who upon his return from his first visit to Boston was interrogated by one of his fellow-townsmen, something like this:

"Do tell, Lije, of Boston be sech er gol-durned big place ez sum uv them folks claims she is?"

"Big! Thet ain't no name fur it. Biggest place *I* ever seed. An' they do the durndest things you ever heerd uv! Street-cars run a!l around teown on one leetle wire!"

This was in the early days of the trolley. Since "Lije" was in Boston, the system has grown and spread in every direction, and the *modus operandi* is more fully understood, even away up in the backwoods of Maine, where "b'ar" is still plenty. Recently the Connecticut Legislature granted a trolley franchise to a road over a hundred miles in length. One has been projected, also, between Washington and Baltimore; and new towns and villa sites are proposed, and made possible, too, by this trolley road.

Just here it should be said that whatever doubt may be entertained as to the desirability of the overhead-wire system for large cities, there can be no question as to its great value as a motor-power for suburban roads; in fact, it has no rival for this purpose, unless it be an underground-wire system, which, it is claimed, was successfully tested in Hartford, Connecticut, during the last winter. The system is hermetically sealed. The points of contact are operated automatically as the car is propelled along the line; the wires are midway between the tracks. It is said that this underground equipment was not affected and the circuit was at no time interrupted by the unusually severe weather of the past season. It is also contended that the placing of the wires under ground will not cost more than the installation of the trolley lines. This does not, however, seem a plausible statement, because every one knows, or at least believes, that an underground conduit costs more than iron columns placed at stated intervals. The inventor of this system is James F. Munsie, who was the first superintendent of the Canadian Pacific telegraph lines; before that he was superintendent of the Dominion lines, and made the land connections with the Atlantic cable at Cape Canso. He also prepared the estimates for the Gould American Union lines,

For years he has been working on the problem of producing a system of underground wires which could be relied upon in every emergency of storm and change of temperature, and at the same time be perfectly safe for the traveling public. It would seem from this information that the opponents of overhead wires have a very formidable weapon in this Munsie system with which to combat the trolley.

The most important factor connected with the trolley is to be its ultimate effect upon our overcrowded cities, in relieving their congested condition, in opening up new towns, in creating an easy, quick, and economical means for the great middle class to ride either up to their own doors or within easy walking distance of their suburban homes. In these directions the trolley has undoubtedly a great mission to fulfill.

M.

THE LATE C. B. COTTRELL.

MR. CALVERT B. COTTRELL, the well-known printing-press manufacturer, and president of the firm of C. B. Cottrell & Sons Co., this city, whose death occurred recently at Westerly, Rhode Island, was one of the notable inventors of the age. More than half of his long and useful life was devoted to the discovery and application of new principles in the manufacture of printing-presses. His ingenuity amounted to positive genius. Starting with a thorough practical training, and possessing a marvelous fertility of resource, he achieved success along lines altogether new and untried, and proved himself, in

His factory is the second largest of the kind in the world.

He was a man of great force of character and of active sympathy with all enterprises looking toward the moral and social elevation of his fellows. He was a member of the Seventh-day Baptist Church, and it is stated as an interesting fact that his works were always closed on Saturday. Such of his operatives, however, as chose to work on Sunday were permitted to do so. His influence upon the community was widely felt and recognized, and his death is lamented, not only by those who are identified with the industry which he did so much to promote, but especially by those with whom he was most intimately associated in the town where he was born, and where he achieved the success of his life. The business of his house, which is steadily growing, will be carried on by his sons, who have for some time been in active management.

THE MEDITERRANEAN

DISASTER.

THE sinking of the British battle-ship *Victoria*, flagship of Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, commanding the Mediterranean squadron, in a collision with the battle-ship *Camperdown*, which occurred on the 22d ult., seven miles off Tripoli, a Syrian seaport, is the most appalling disaster of recent times. The *Victoria* was a battle-ship of the first class, 340 feet long, 70 feet broad, and of 25 feet 9 inches mean draught. She was of 10,470 tons displacement and 14,000 horse



CALVERT B. COTTRELL.

the results he accomplished, a positive benefit to his race.

In the prosecution of his favorite pursuit he was in the fullest sense an enthusiast. His work had a wide range, and embraced every branch of printing and every detail of its operation. The invention which first brought him conspicuously before the public was known as the Cottrell air spring, which, with its accompanying patents, virtually solved the problem of high speed, and vastly increased the capacity and usefulness of the American printing-press. Mr. Cottrell first applied the tapeless delivery to the Drum cylinder press. A recapitulation of all his inventions would include practically every improvement which has been made in the printing-press during the last quarter of a century. In all, he patented over one hundred presses and appliances. The crowning triumph of his career was the invention of the Cottrell shifting tympan, which makes it possible to print the finest illustrated work on a perfecting press. These presses are now used by many magazines and journals which make a feature of fine illustrations.

Mr. Cottrell was largely identified with the business of Westerly, and the prosperity of the town was considerably due to the enterprise he displayed in building up his enormous business.

power. She was protected by armor 18 inches thick, and her armament consisted of two 110-ton guns, one 30-ton, twelve 5-ton, twelve 6-pounder quick-firing guns, nine 3-pounders, and several machine guns of small calibre. She in addition had a powerful ram and eight torpedo tubes. Her construction embodied every safeguard known up to the date of her completion for the protection of the lives of her officers and crew. She was a compartment ship, and was supposed to be unsinkable in any ordinary collision. The *Camperdown*, which dealt the fatal blow, was about the same size as the *Victoria*. The complement of officers and crew on the *Victoria* comprised 718 men, and of these 430 went down with the ship. Among the lost was Vice-Admiral Tryon, one of the finest officers in the British navy. He was a man of large experience, his service beginning in the days before steam was a prominent feature in naval architecture, and running through all of the various phases of development that were marked by the substitution of steam for sail power, of iron for wooden hulls, of steel for iron, of turrets for broadsides, and of armor for thin sheathing. The English journals speak of his death as an irreparable loss to the navy.

So far as appears from the accounts, the vessels, which were engaged in manoeuvring, were

almost at right angles when the *Victoria* was struck. The blow was so tremendous that an enormous hole was made in her side, through which the water poured in torrents, and gained so rapidly that the men below had no time to reach the deck, while those who were on the deck at the moment escaped with difficulty. It was found impossible to close the collision bulkheads; the vessel with her immense guns and heavy top hamper turning over and going to the bottom while the effort was being made. She now lies in 480 feet of water.

The news of the disaster caused the greatest excitement in Great Britain, and it was made the subject of official notice in Parliament. Mr. Gladstone and others paying high tributes to the officers and men who perished in the calamity. The Queen, who was profoundly affected by the intelligence, published a special letter of condolence to the families afflicted by the disaster. She has also subscribed to the fund for the relief of the families of those who perished, and which already amounts to a large sum.

One undoubted effect of this calamity, as we elsewhere state, will be to emphasize the great efficiency of the ram as a weapon of naval offense, showing, as it does, that the most powerful ships are practically defenseless as against this destructive weapon.

OUR FOREIGN PICTURES.

FAIR IN SOHO SQUARE.

ALL in-door fairs are substantially alike, but one out-of-doors has attractions of its own. Our illustration gives a glimpse of such an one recently held in Soho Square, in mid-London, under the patronage of Lady Randolph Churchill, for purposes of charity. The picturesque square presented an animated appearance, with its crowded marquees, gay bunting, and Japanese umbrellas, side-shows, and other attractions.

EXPERT BILLIARD-PLAYING.

The recent billiard match in London, 6,000 points up, for \$2,500 a side, between John Roberts and Frank C. Ives, the respective champions of England and America, was won by Ives by 2,179 points. It is said that Ives was backed in Chicago alone to win \$200,000. In his last day's play he made a break of 2,500 points through his skill in getting the balls into the position shown in our picture from the *Pall Mall Budget*, thereby being able to make cannon after cannon for hours at a stretch.

SWIMMING EXERCISE IN THE GERMAN ARMY.

Among the many difficult and often dangerous exercises in vogue in the German army is one most unusual and curious, but which is not, however, obligatory. This exercise was performed at a recent exhibition of swimming, which scene our illustration represents. Fully clad in campaign uniform, with gun in hand and knapsack on back, bold swimmers dive into the water from a height. There are few who dare to risk the danger, and these the strongest swimmers in each company, but they are held in high esteem by their comrades, and their daring is to them a great source of self-congratulation and satisfaction.

RACING IN CEYLON.

Our pictures of racing scenes in Colombo, Ceylon, are from the London *Graphic*. For the most part race-horses are brought to Ceylon from Australia, India, and Burmah, to compete with European horses, but in the pony races, which are quite common, some Ceylon-bred ponies have appeared to good advantage. Owing to the great heat of the sun, European jockeys are obliged to wear their sun-hats up to the latest possible moment. Native grooms wear whisks of horse-hair attached to their waistbands. The race-courses, on which refreshments of all sorts are offered for sale, are usually enlivened by the presence of military and other notables, and by sailors of any men-of-war which may happen to be in the harbor.

THE "VALKYRIE."

The recent yacht-races in England, in which the *Valkyrie* and *Britannia* have conspicuously figured, seem to settle the question of the superiority of the former. It is stated that it was recently found by measurement that the *Valkyrie* exceeded the length named in the agreement made by Lord Dunraven and the New York Yacht Club, and as a result she has been clipped all around in her mainsail, topsail, and headsails, her spars have been lightened to reduce her weight, her mast has been shortened eighteen inches, her topmast also has been shortened, and some of her lead keel has been cut off. When she first came out on the Thames she rated 149 tons. She now rates 147.90. Her sail area is officially given at 10,208 square feet. The alterations will make her just safely inside the prescribed limit of 86.70 feet.



THE LITTLE MAGICIAN.

EYES that are blue, in whose sweet hue
We see the summer skies shine clear;
Rose-bud lips and finger-tips
All greet us with caresses dear.

A dimple seeks in the fat, round cheeks
A hiding-place where Cupids play;
The yellow curls and the teeth of pearls
Drive all the clouds of care away.

H. S. KELLER.

THE MAGIC ISLE.

AN ALLEGORICAL FABLE.

BY BART KENNEDY.

STRANGE was this isle where dwelt Lestros, the mighty enchanter. About it was an atmosphere at once soothing and mystic. And it was most beautiful. Here flowers bloomed and song-birds trilled; the surrounding sands disclosed pebbles sparkling crystalwise; shells echoed the ocean's murmur and reflected softly, with many tints, the pouring sunlight; trees cast cooling shadows, winds stirred—in fine, here was a scene of indefinable, of radiant peace. Isle, air, and waters were glorified by a grand, transfiguring, softened brilliance—a brilliance in which there was a strange sense of calm.

Afar out the ocean sheened—sheened into infinity.

Oh, how the circling waters glittered and shone and dashed! They seemed to joy in guarding and laving this spot of enchantment. And above them the white-winged gulls cried out gladly.

And strange meanings came from the waves in their foamings, swirlings, and tossings. Weird, mystic, entralling meanings. Meanings that the winds caught and carried out into the great world beyond. Meanings.

The castle of the enchanter stood in the middle of the isle. Flowers, whose fragrance and beauty would far surpass the sublimest imaginings of mortal grew in the gardens that lay in front of the great gate. The gate was of gold. Fountains leaped and glistened through the air. Strange figures adorned the basins thereof—figures fashioned after mystic, untellable designs. And in them gold and silver hued fishes disported. Soft, grassy ferns slept in the spray-covered waters. Tiny lizards basked on the broad leaves of delicately pale water-lilies.

The castle itself was built of white marble, and its topmost turret seemed lost in the heavens. The marble was of a quality most pure, and was filled and made softly luminous by the rays of the sun. It would be impossible to describe the style of its architecture. It was even as some marvelous castle told of in Arab tales or reared by a dreamer in the great wonderland of imagination. Again it seemed as if it might have been summoned suddenly into existence by the magic of some powerful genii, and that it might disappear, in a flash, at a wave of his hand.

In the centre of the great hall of the castle was seated Lestros. He was leaning upon a table with his face turned upward. His hair and beard were long, flowing, and white, his brow broad and benign, his eyes calmly piercing.

In his face was the indescribable, eloquent stillness of thought.

The hall was plunged in semi-darkness—strange contrast to the outer brilliance. The surroundings could be seen but dimly and vaguely. Shadows moved.

A lamp hung from the roof and cast the reflection of a small, pale-blue flame upon the face of Lestros. The flame burned with the soft, strange steadiness of a sanctuary light as seen through the half-gloom of some vast cathedral.

Near the light, in mid-air, hovered a dim, shadowy form, gradually becoming distinct. Calmly was Lestros gazing upon it. He raised his hand suddenly. There was a blinding flash, the form descended and stood before him. The place was filled with light.

It was a woman of a man at once grand and terrible—a woman whose glory of face and limb more than realized the marble dreams of the Grecian artists. In her hand was a wand, upon which blazed an immense diamond. In a voice that sounded as if coming from some distant world she spoke:

"Oh, Lestros, why, why hast thou summoned me here? I, that spirit whom men call Imagination, await thy pleasure. Ah! since last I saw thee strange have been the journeys upon which I have led the souls of men. Souls that give forth of themselves in the glowing, everlasting music of poetry, of song, I have led into coral sea-filled caves where pearls gleam softly and mermaids unwind their hair, beckoning alluringly. I have led them far, far out into the star-shining heavens, where myriads of greater worlds than Earth circle eternally in paths stupendous; into the innermost recesses of the chambers of Nature's most closely guarded secrets I have led them, for the light from my wand pierces and illumines all depths and blacknesses; and oft do they strive in feeble way to tell of the wonders I unfold. Meander souls I have led along meaner paths. I am at once the slave and the master of man. By his power he calls me to his side; by my power his soul is whirled into undreamed-of places. And my power over him is most strange. At once I make him feel the might of an earth-destroying god and the impotence of a lowly, creeping snail. I am to him as a mighty Tantalus. But thou, wisest of mortals, what is thy will, thy pleasure? Command!"

The face of Lestros became troubled as he spoke thus:

"Oh, great spirit, by thy aid I have become god-like; I have conquered all that has come before me. The subtlest workings of the heart of man I have analyzed; deep mysteries I have explored; profound riddles I have unraveled. This glorious isle wherein I live I built with help from thee. By thy aid I discovered a jewel inestimable—the jewel called Calm. But there is a gem that I would possess above all others. Oft in dreams I have noted, with eager eyes, its glistening. Nay, spirit, thou thyself hast shown me its gleamings as it lay out in the distance of the Asar. Help me to its possession, I pray thee."

"And the name of this gem?" asked the spirit, in a slow voice.

"Oh, 'tis a gem that the clod oft possesses," answered Lestros. "It is Content! Content!"

"Ah!" answered the spirit, sorrowfully, "never shalt thou possess that gem. Thou hast left it forever behind. Thou hast ridden upon my wings, upon the wings of Imagination. With me thou must go on—on. With me thou must explore still deeper and darker depths; profounder riddles must thou unravel; mysteries, the solving of which will show to thee that thy previous intelligence was but as a child's, will yet confront thee. Mortal, that gem is beyond thy grasp. It can never be thine."

As the spirit ceased speaking the head of Lestros suddenly sank forward. Despair had come upon him. His soul cried out for the end—for change.

There was a mighty, rolling, thunderous crash. Lightnings flashed. Then came a calm. The waves rippled, then trembled, then were still. Unbroken was the broad ocean.

The isle, with its castle, had sunk into the sea.

FLOSSIE'S DISCOVERY.

"MAY I have a needle from your cushion, mamma," said Flossie, "to sew a button on? I just can't keep any of the right size in mine!"

"Why is it?" asked mamma.

"I'm sure I don't know. They lose themselves, or drop out, or something. I confess I do not believe I put them in quite as nicely as you do yours, when I am done using them," she added, looking at her mother's tomato-cushion, with the needles carefully woven in and out "Any way, they all go somehow. I thought I was careful."

She threw herself down on the sofa with a book, after finishing her work; then noticed, with a little pang, that she stuck her needle in her cushion, like a pin—her old careless way.

"I'll remember when I get up," she said to herself, lazily. But what was it that caught her eye and attention at the same time? What was the commotion on the pin-cushion? The needle seemed agitated, and as she looked more earnestly, she discovered a very small creature about half the height of the needle, busily at work, using it more or less as a man uses a drill; and the needle was fast growing short by disappearing within the cushion.

"Fun, isn't it?" said the little creature, who looked at Florence in a very knowing manner, and kept on with his ramming. He was a curious little man, and Florence remembered afterward that she could see through to the buttons on the back of his coat, as he stood facing her—very much like Mr. Marley's ghost, she thought.

"Why! what are you doing?" she ejaculated.

"Claiming my property," he replied, cheerfully as he worked. "You probably believe in women's rights, and I believe in mine, and any needle I see standing up so straight belongs to me!" With that he pushed the one with which he worked down so far that only the eye remained visible. "Excuse me a moment," he said, and before Flossie knew it he had vanished somewhere, and then the needle disappeared entirely, the eye seeming to give her a wink as it sank from sight.

"There; that's done," resumed the little man, as he reappeared as suddenly as he had gone.

in his hand he bowed low. Then Flossie found herself on the surface, then on the sofa, with her eyes staring at the cushion in her basket.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, and stretched her arms. "I suppose I dreamed that; but I'm going to squeeze that old cushion and see if there are any needles in it. Won't hurt that hollow little man, who really isn't there, and I do want that glove-needle and the blunt one I borrowed of mother."

HELEN S. WILDER.

YOUNG AMERICA'S FOURTH.

We put him to bed in his little night-gown. The worst battered youngster there was in the town. Yet he yelled as he opened his only well eye, "Rah, rah for the jolly old Fourth of July!"

Two thumbs and eight fingers with cloths were tied up; On his head was a lump like an up-side-down cup. And he smiled as he best could with nose all awry, "I've had just the boskest Fourth of July."

We were glad—for he had been up with the sun, Right into the midst of the powder and fun, Where the cannon's loud boom sent its smoke to the sky—

Young-American like was his Fourth of July.

I say we were glad all the pieces were there, So we plastered and bound them with tenderest care, But out of the wreck came the words, with a sigh, "If to-morrow was only the Fourth of July!"

We kissed him good-night on his powder-specked face, We laid his burnt hands softly down in their place, And he murmured as sleep closed his only well eye, "I wish every day was the Fourth of July."

He will grow all together again, never fear, And be ready to celebrate freedom next year; But though it is selfish, we're thankful there lies A crackerless twelvemonth 'twixt Fourth of Julys.

M. PHELPS DAWSON.

A LETTER FROM AN INDIAN SCHOOL.

THE letter reproduced on this page is from an Indian school in California. It speaks for itself, and makes its own appeal to those boys and girls who may have second-hand books and papers to give away.

When their education is finished many of these boys and girls go back to their native tribes and use the knowledge and refinement they have acquired to civilize and improve their old friends and companions. You will be doing a good work, dear boys and girls, if you will remember Antonio Lubo and his school companions by sending to them magazines which you have read and thrown aside, or picture papers of which you are tired. These will be new to the young Indians, and very welcome. Contributions should be addressed to Indian Industrial School, Perris, California.

PRIZE WINNERS.

Silver bracelet—Sadie Cameron, Winona, Minnesota.

Fishing-rod—Max Arthur Jameson, Ogdensburg, New York.

HONOR ROLL.

Edith Burbank, Saidee A. Langley, May Deloia Hatch, Galena Cooke, Albert Millen, Lawrence Hopkins Stone, Griffith James, Julia Terry, Mabel Jordan, Arthur Hardy, Maude Vance, Edward T. Applebee, Gordon Howard.

PRIZE OFFER.

Two prizes are offered this month as usual. For girls, a silver bracelet.

For boys, a jointed fishing-rod and reel. They will be awarded for the best answers to the following historical questions:

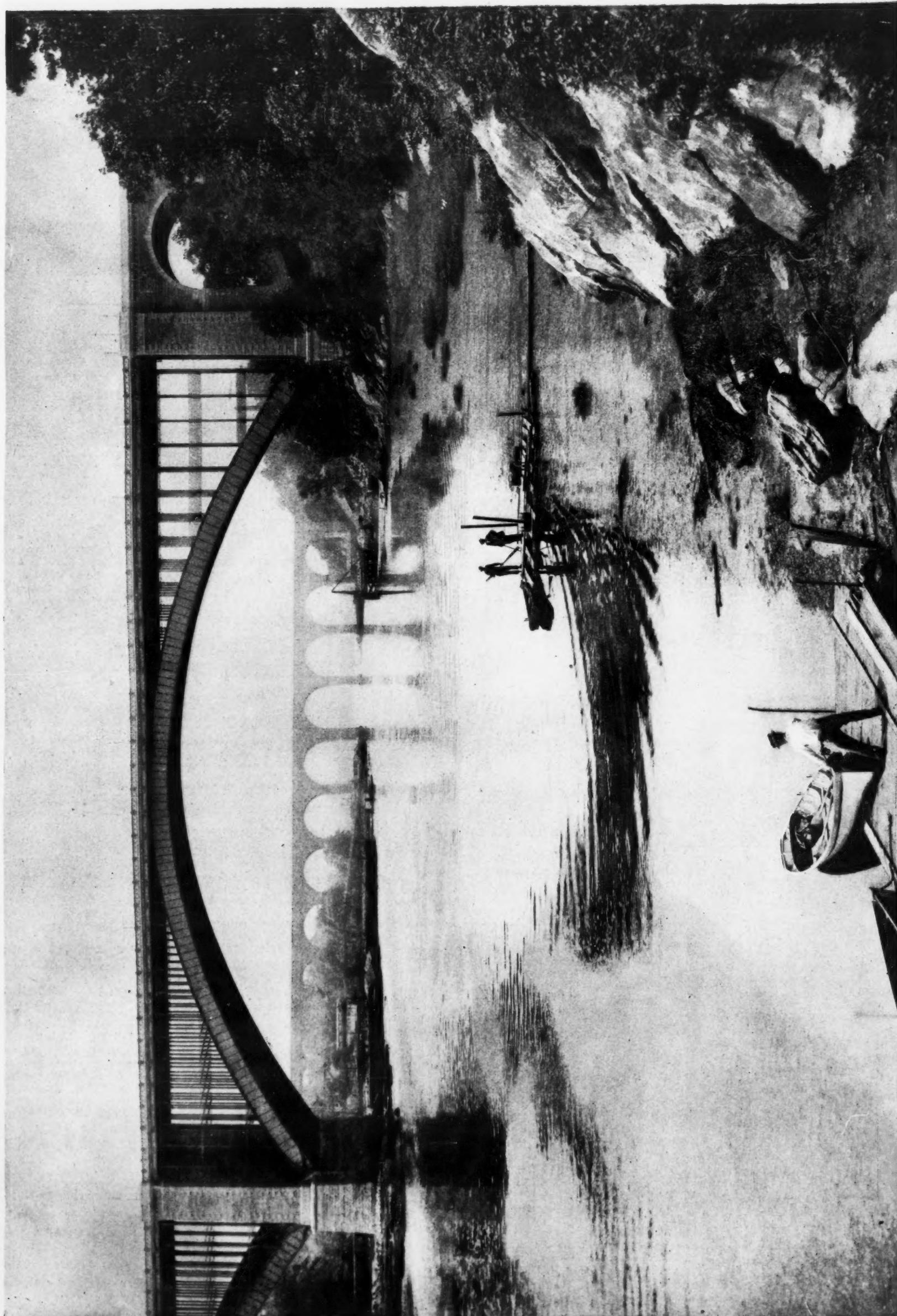
I. Who may be called the discoverer of steam power?

II. Who invented the steam-engine?

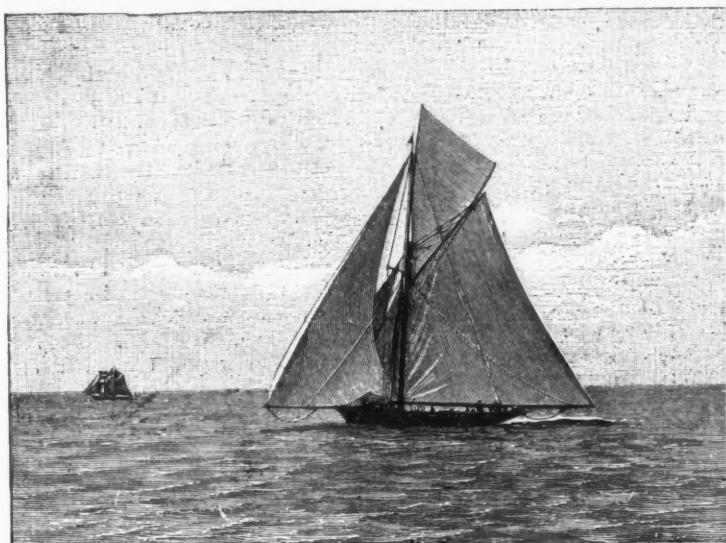
III. Where was the first one used?

IV. And for what purpose?

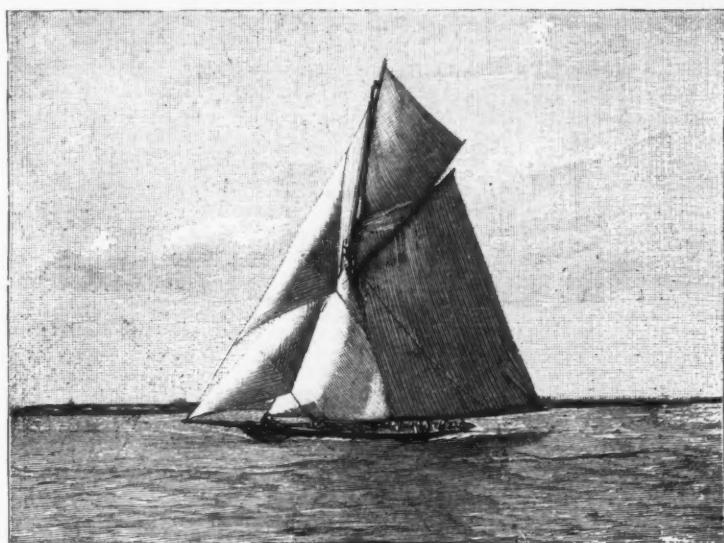
Letters should be sent in on or before July 20th. They should be addressed, Editor Children's Department, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York City. This competition is open to all.



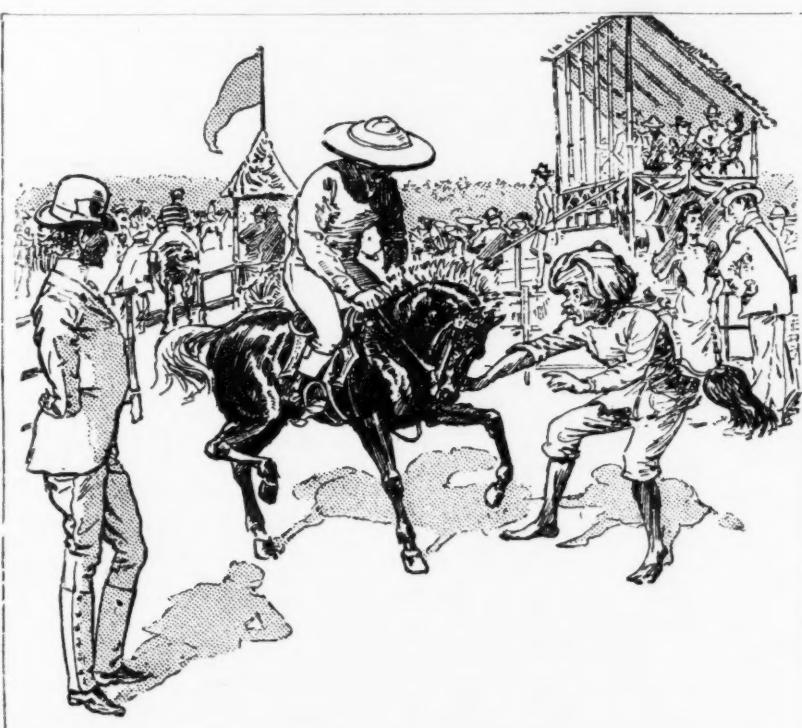
THE WASHINGTON BRIDGE OVER THE HARLEM, WITH HIGH BRIDGE IN THE BACKGROUND.—FROM AN ETCHING SUPPLIED BY THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY.—[SEE PAGE 17.]



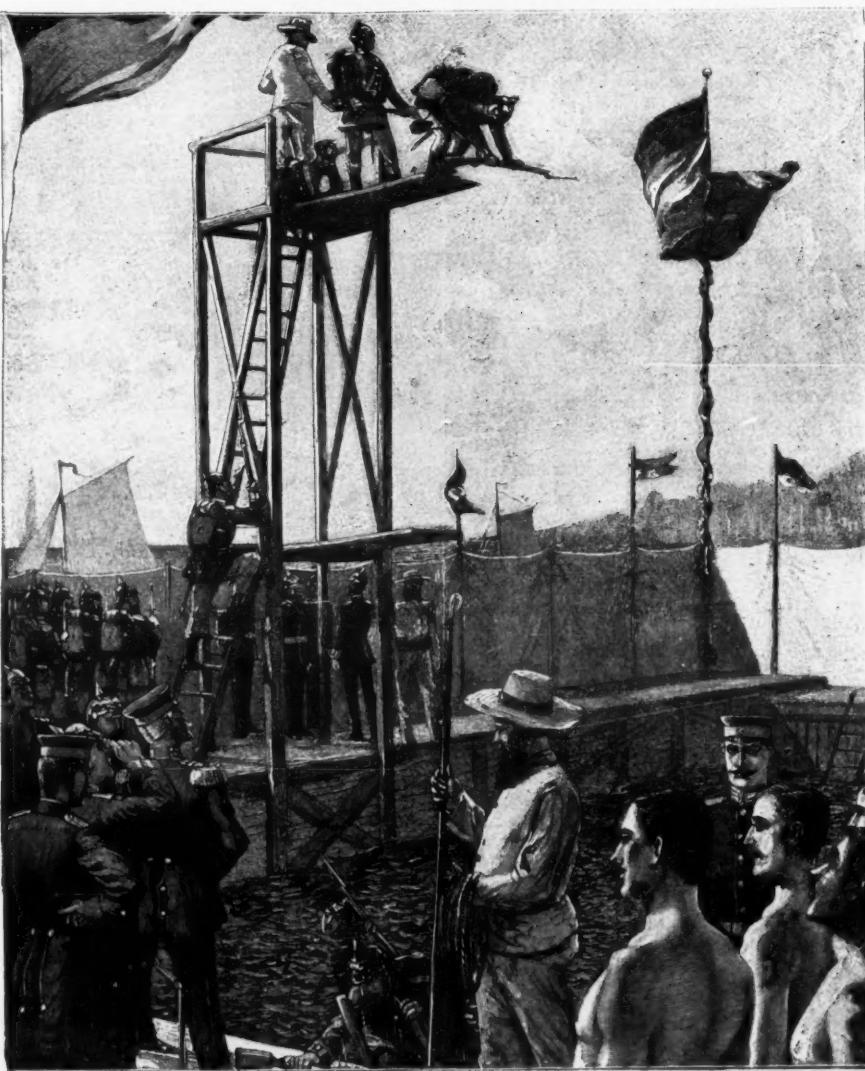
THE RECENT ENGLISH YACHT-RACES—"BRITANNIA" RUNNING BEFORE THE WIND.



THE "VALKYRIE" COMING HOME.



RACING IN CEYLON—SCENES ON THE COURSE AT COLOMBO.



SWIMMING EXERCISE OF THE GERMAN ARMY—DIVING FULLY ACCOUTRED INTO A POOL.



THE ROBERTS-IVES BILLIARD MATCH IN LONDON—IVES MAKING HIS 2,500 BREAK.



A GARDEN FETE IN SOHO SQUARE, LONDON.

A LOVING HEART'S REPLY.

CLARA—"Mother, the count is coming tonight, but I have given up all hope of his proposing. Is there anything that you can suggest?"

Mrs. Bangtop—"You might mention, dear, that your poor, dear mother is a widow."—Judge.

TO THE WORLD'S FAIR VIA B. AND O.
GOING VIA WASHINGTON AND RETURNING VIA NIAGARA FALLS.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has placed on sale at its offices throughout the East excursion tickets to Chicago good going via Washington and returning via Niagara Falls, with the privilege of stop-over at each point. These tickets are valid for return journey until November 16th, and are not restricted to certain trains, but are good on all Baltimore and Ohio trains, and permit holders to travel via Pittsburgh or via Grafton. By either route passengers cross the Alleghany Mountains, 3,000 feet above the sea level, amid the most picturesque scenery in America. Sleeping-car accommodations may be reserved in advance upon application to nearest Baltimore and Ohio ticket office.

ITS TRUE WORTH.

PATIENT—"You practice the faith cure, eh?"
Physician—"To some extent."

Patient—"Is it good for much?"

Physician—"Oh, about two thousand a year."
—Judge.

NEURALGIC headaches promptly cured by
Bromo-Seltzer—Trial bottle, ten cents.

DR. JENKINS may be correct in his theory that flies carry cholera germs, and in that case what strong constitutions flies must have.—Judge.

TOO MANY

to print; that is why we never use testimonials in our advertising. We are constantly receiving them from all parts of the world. The Gall Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food. Grocers and druggists.

It is thought by some that in drawing upon the gold reserve Mr. Carlisle does what he can to kill the goose of the invaluable egg.—Judge.

LADIES never have any dyspepsia after a wine-glass of Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.

MUSICAL people who call at the warerooms of Sommer & Co. may be assured that they will find what will gratify the most cultivated musical taste in every respect.

Brown's Household Panacea. "The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world, twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A TOILET GEM. WRIGHT'S MYRRH TOOTH SOAP.
Gives Pearly White Teeth, Ruby Gums, Pure Breath.
Removes Tar, Refreshing to the Mouth. 25 cents.
Send for book "Care of Teeth," free. Wright & Co.,
Cincinnati, Detroit, Mich. Also in liquid or powder form.

CALISAYA LA RILLA.

An exquisite elixir of Calisaya bark. Is so far superior in all respects, quality, medicinal value, agreeability and economy of dose that if you once try it you will never consent to accept any other.

Your Druggist Has It.

KIRK'S
Ladies Enjoy
the use of
KIRK'S
JUVENILE
because it is a pure,
delightfully scented,
free washing
TOILET SOAP.
SOAP

HOW BABIES SUFFER

When their tender Skins are literally ON FIRE with Itching and Burning Eczemas and other Itching, Scaly, and Blotchy Skin and Scalp Diseases, with Loss of Hair, none but mothers realize. To know that a single application of the

CUTICURA
Remedies will afford immediate relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy and economical cure, and not to use them, is to fail in your duty. Parents, save your children years of needless suffering from torturing and disfiguring eruptions. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

"How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

PAINS AND WEAKNESSES Relieved in one minute by that new, elegant, and infallible Antidote to Pain, Inflammation, and Weakness, the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. 25 cents.

Beeman's Pepsin Gum.

CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.

The Perfection of Chewing Gum and a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion. Each tablet contains one grain Beeman's pure pepsin. Send 5 cents for sample package.

THE BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO.
No. 15 Lake St., Cleveland, O.
Originators of Pepsin Chewing Gum

G LISTENING PEARLS

SO PURE, SO SWEET; SHE was indeed A BEAUTIFUL GIRL. Every feature was the personification of

PERFECT HEALTH.

BREATH AS FRAGRANT AS ROSES; LIPS RUBY RED AND TEETH LIKE GLISTENING PEARLS. Ask her for THE SECRET OF HER CHARMS, and she will tell you they are due to THE DAILY USE OF

CONSTANTINE'S
PERSIAN HEALING

PINE TAR SOAP.

For the Toilet and the Bath, and as a purifier of the Skin, this WONDERFUL BEAUTIFER has no parallel. Every young lady who realizes THE CHARM OF LOVELINESS, has but to patronize this POTENT AGENT to become a

Queen Among Queens.
For Sale by Druggists.

WANTED WOMEN TO TAKE CROCHET WORK TO DO
CITY OR COUNTRY
STEADY WORK AT HOME PARTICULARS ON AP-
PLICATION. L. WHITE & CO., 229 State St., Chicago, Ill.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,

591 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
Manufacturers and Importers of

PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS,
MATERIALS, CHEMICALS
AND SUPPLIES.

Detective and View Cameras in
great variety of styles and prices.
Lenses, Shutters, Dry Plates, etc., etc.

The Best Text-Books on Photography.

Free use of dark-room on main floor of our store.
Fifty Years Established. Send for Catalogue.
Dark-room at our exhibit at World's Fair for use of
visiting friends.

—A disease known is half cured.—

If your house is
dirty

Buy a cake of SAPOLIO. It is a solid
cake of Scouring Soap used for all clean-
ing purposes except the laundry. Try it +

THE USUAL CURE.

MIKE—"They does be affer tellin' me at the dispensary that I has insomnia, Biddy."

Biddy—"Thin why don't yez be affer goin' to bed an' shlapin' it off?"—Judge.

A TEXAS widow shot six bullets, pretty nearly simultaneously, into a man who had insulted her; so that he felt far worse than if she had accepted his advances.—Judge.

MR. INGALLS is right in his assumption that he who is born poor is fortunate. We never think of the miserable wretches who are born the other way without a shudder.—Judge.

HEALTHY VERSUS MORBID VIEWS.

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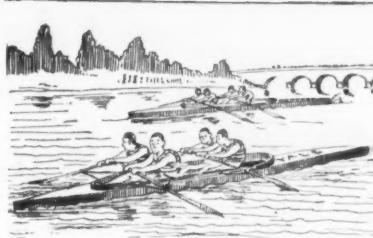
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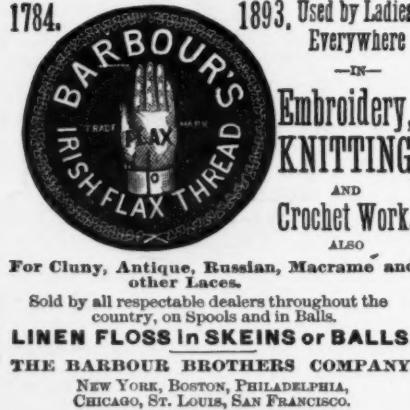
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CHICAGO.

FOR THE WOMEN

CONDUCTED BY ELLA STARR



PARIS HAT IN CHIP.

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

(Any of our lady subscribers who are desirous of making purchases in New York through the mails, or any subscribers who intend visiting the city, will be cheerfully directed by the editor of the Fashion Department to the most desirable establishments, where their wants can be satisfactorily supplied; or she will make purchases for them without charge when their wishes are clearly specified.)

It would be far more in accord with the inclination and the season to rhapsodize over the vernal tints of the foliage, expatiate on the warblings of the feathered songsters, and fall into extravaganzas over the song of the sad sea waves, than to deal with the prosaic province of fashion. But the sun shone never too hotly and the storm raged never too wildly for the frail creatures of our sex to lose interest in their "vestural tissue."

This may truly be called an eclectic age, especially in the history of silks, for we have gathered the beauties from all times and periods and shed over them the influence of our own *fin de siècle* culture. This is especially true in foulards, which are seen in such a delightful variety, those with an *ombré* ground and a delicate *chiné* pattern upon them being altogether desirable in design and price. Now is the time for bargains, fully twenty-five per cent. being taken off from the original price of the early season. Foulards which cost one dollar per yard can now be bought for seventy-five cents, or less.

Taffetas, shot and figured or striped, contribute some of the most satisfactory gowns of the season, and one of the prettiest costumes that I have seen for many a day I fortunately discovered upon a lady in a tally-ho party at Westchester. It was a *glacé* taffeta in blue shot with old pink. Over the surface was a trailing pattern of roses and forget-me-nots, with foliage of a pronounced green. The bell skirt was made with a series of flounces, and the bodice was striped with rows of black guipure, drawn down under a belt of old-rose mirror velvet, which closed in front with a quaint silver buckle. Over the shoulders were wide pointed revers of the mirror velvet, which rested upon balloon sleeves of the silk. The accompanying hat was a Tuscan, showing insertions in the brim of black guipure, with garnitures of grass

ceedingly weighty and oppressive with the thermometer up in the eighties. Together with the essential garnitures—jet and guipure—such a costume would be a heavy burden to bear anywhere outside of Alaska. Grenadine is also a high favorite this summer, but it is far from being a cool selection. It must have a silk lining, and the smallest modicum of jet trimming—without which it would be incomplete—adds to its weightiness. One of the handsomest grenadine dresses which it has been my good fortune to meet was a beautiful combination of green and black. It was an iron grenadine with the two colors interwoven in the mesh, and was made up over pea-green silk. The bodice had a Breton front made of rows of fine jet beading, and there were capes over the shoulders of handsome black guipure. A flat band of guipure placed midway of the skirt was the only garniture, and while it was a most strikingly elegant costume, the poor little woman who wore it was a martyr to the oppressive heat, and while she struggled to keep herself cool with a fan, the pained expression of her countenance told of her silent suffering. Next to her in the same car was a sensible young maid dressed in a skirt of gray "gloria," with a trim blouse made of black and white shot and striped India silk, belted over the skirt with a band of fine jet passementerie. The contrast of the two was too apparent not to be noted.

The dainty flowered muslins and silk mixtures in ginghams are veritable dreams of loveliness this year. Some of the very prettiest fancy bodices are made of the latter. They cost



CARDINAL SERGE BATHING-DRESS.

fifty-nine cents a yard, are quite thirty inches wide, and are to be had in all pale tints, with plain groundings figured with pea-spots or asterisks of silk in self colors. The heliotrope shades and rich corn color are particularly attractive for the new cross-wrap bodices.

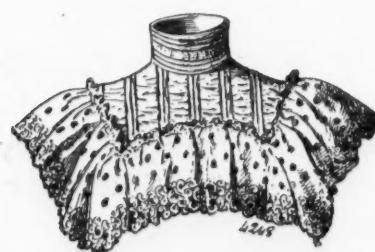
There is not much change in millinery to be recorded. I don't think the trimmed sailor hat has met with as much favor with us as was expected for it, and I have seen some excellent effects, too. For instance, one in a deep cream straw, with twists of serpentine chiffon and bunches of poppies and oats, was admirable; but somehow it ever seems incongruous to array a sailor hat with furbelows. A lovely white chip hat has the crown encircled with ostrich feathers, which droop gracefully over the hair, upon which a tea rose rests. A black chip has white lace draped over the brim and red roses under it, while black feathers decorate the crown, and a Tuscan straw is richly garnished with pale yellow ostrich feathers and black lace.

FASHION'S FOIBLES.

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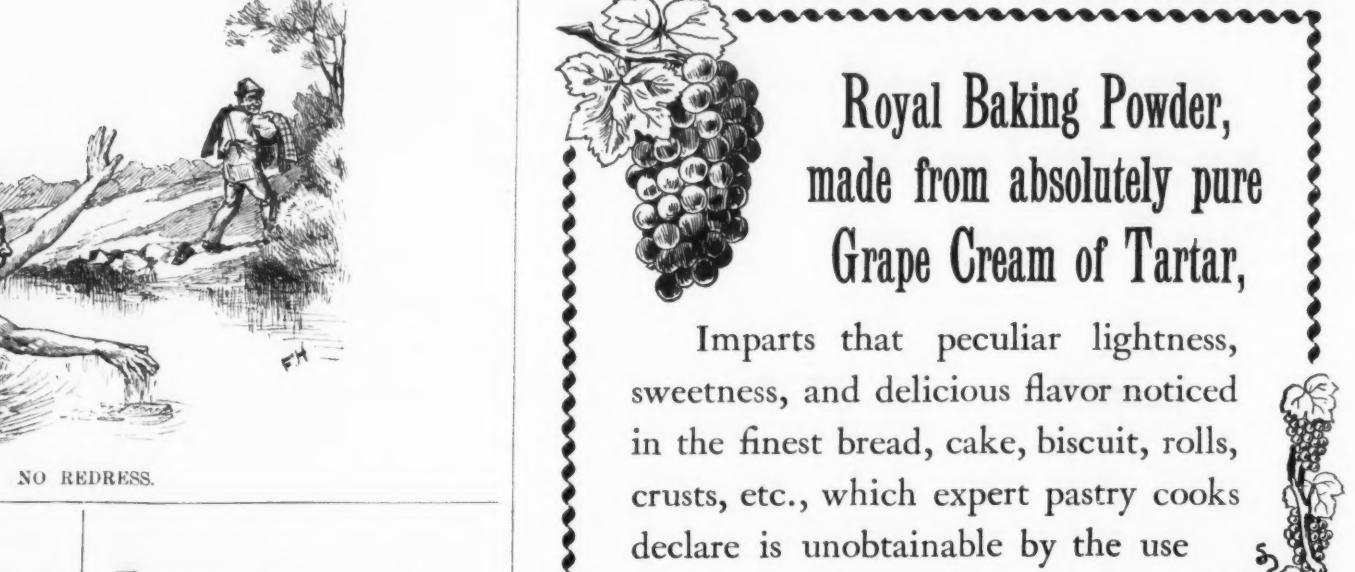
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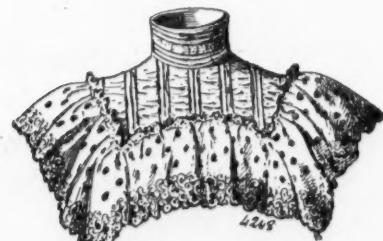
IN FASHION'S GLASS.

[Any of our lady subscribers who are desirous of making purchases in New York through the mails, or any subscribers who intend visiting the city, will be cheerfully directed by the editor of the Fashion Department to the most desirable establishments, where their wants can be satisfactorily supplied; or she will make purchases for them without charge when their wishes are clearly specified.]

It would be far more in accord with the inclination and the season to rhapsodize over the vernal tints of the foliage, expatiate on the warblings of the feathered songsters, and fall into extravaganzas over the song of the sad sea waves, than to deal with the prosaic province of fashion. But the sun shone never too hotly and the storm raged never too wildly for the frail creatures of our sex to lose interest in their "vestural tissue."

This may truly be called an eclectic age, especially in the history of silks, for we have gathered the beauties from all times and periods and shed over them the influence of our own *fin de siècle* culture. This is especially true in foulards, which are seen in such a delightful variety, those with an *ombré* ground and a delicate *chiné* pattern upon them being altogether desirable in design and price. Now is the time for bargains, fully twenty-five per cent. being taken off from the original price of the early season. Foulards which cost one dollar per yard can now be bought for seventy-five cents, or less.

Taffetas, shot and figured or striped, contribute some of the most satisfactory gowns of the season, and one of the prettiest costumes that I have seen for many a day I fortunately discovered upon a lady in a tally-ho party at Westchester. It was a *glacé* taffeta in blue shot with old pink. Over the surface was a trailing pattern of roses and *forget-me-nots*, with foliage of a pronounced green. The bell skirt was made with a series of flounces, and the bodice was striped with rows of black guipure, drawn down under a belt of old-rose mirror velvet, which closed in front with a quaint silver buckle. Over the shoulders were wide pointed revers of the mirror velvet, which rested upon balloon sleeves of the silk. The accompanying hat was a Tuscan, showing insertions in the brim of black guipure, with garnitures of grass



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ceedingly weighty and oppressive with the thermometer up in the eighties. Together with the essential garnitures—jet and guipure—such a costume would be a heavy burden to bear anywhere outside of Alaska. Grenadine is also a high favorite this summer, but it is far from being a cool selection. It must have a silk lining, and the smallest modicum of jet trimming—without which it would be incomplete—adds to its weightiness. One of the handsomest grenadine dresses which it has been my good fortune to meet was a beautiful combination of green and black. It was an iron grenadine with the two colors interwoven in the mesh, and was made up over pea-green silk. The bodice had a Breton front made of rows of fine jet beading, and there were capes over the shoulders of handsome black guipure. A flat band of guipure placed midway of the skirt was the only garniture, and while it was a most strikingly elegant costume, the poor little woman who wore it was a martyr to the oppressive heat, and while she struggled to keep herself cool with fan, the pained expression of her countenance told of her silent suffering. Next to her in the same car was a sensible young maid dressed in a skirt of gray "gloria," with a trim blouse made of black and white shot and striped India silk, belted over the skirt with a band of fine jet passementerie. The contrast of the two was too apparent not to be noted.

The dainty flowered muslins and silk mixtures in ginghams are veritable dreams of loveliness this year. Some of the very prettiest fancy bodices are made of the latter. They cost



CARDINAL SERGE BATHING-DRESS.

fifty-nine cents a yard, are quite thirty inches wide, and are to be had in all pale tints, with plain groundings figured with pea-spots or asterisks of silk in self colors. The heliotrope shades and rich corn color are particularly attractive for the new cross-wrap bodices.

There is not much change in millinery to be recorded. I don't think the trimmed sailor hat has met with as much favor with us as was expected for it, and I have seen some excellent effects, too. For instance, one in a deep cream straw, with twists of serpentine chiffon and bunches of poppies and oats, was admirable; but somehow it ever seems incongruous to array a sailor hat with furbelows. A lovely white chip hat has the crown encircled with ostrich feathers, which droop gracefully over the hair, upon which a tea rose rests. A black chip has white lace draped over the brim and red roses under it, while black feathers decorate the crown, and a Tuscan straw is richly garnished with pale yellow ostrich feathers and black lace.

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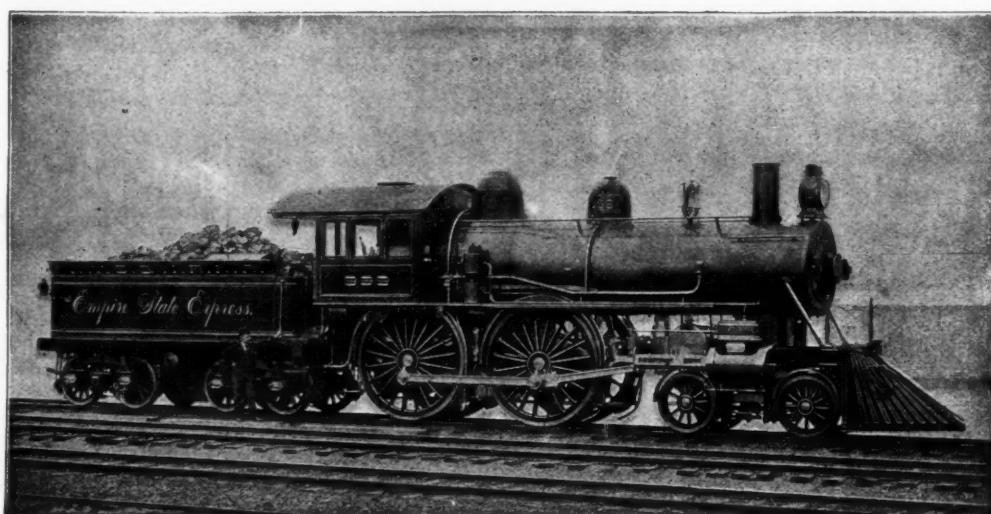
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